

The Listener

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'The Knitting Lesson': from the exhibition of drawings by Jean-François Millet at the Arts Council Gallery, London (see page 278)

In this number:

German Opinion on Conscription and Nato (John Midgley)

St. Peter's Denial of Christ (Bertram Henson)

Letter to a Young Scientist (O. R. Frisch)

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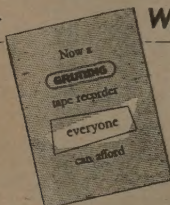


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German Opinion on Conscription and Nato

By JOHN MIDGLEY

GENERAL HEUSINGER, the west German chief of staff, was in Washington recently on a mission of a very different character from the earlier visits of military officers from Bonn to Washington, which have usually been for information or instruction, or for technical talks on such matters as supply or American aid. General Heusinger's purpose this time was to impress in the Pentagon the damage which would be done to the Nato defence system, in Dr. Adenauer's view, if the cuts in the American armed forces which have been proposed were carried out. Dr. Krekeler, the west German ambassador in Washington, presented similar arguments to the State Department.

These two west German spokesmen obtained a number of assurances which have gone some way to quieten Dr. Adenauer's alarm about the way western defence ideas had been shaping. Thus, the Americans are reported to have told them that they had no intention of making any unilateral changes, without consultation, in their share of the North Atlantic defence system in central Europe. They might cut the American man-power tied up in non-combatant duties and lines of communication, but they would promise for the present (according to German sources, for another two years; but American sources say for one year) to keep their combatant formations in Germany, six American divisions, at full strength. They assured the Germans, too, that in the American view Nato still needed the thirty divisions on the continent of Europe which German plans have always assumed it to need; in particular, they still thought that twelve German divisions were necessary. German politics for six years have revolved round these twelve German divisions, and we can suppose that Bonn was above all anxious to be told that they were still wanted.

Bonn has thus gained acceptance of its claim to be consulted before any big changes are made in western defence in Europe, and it is reassured for the moment. But these exchanges in Washington have left a perceptible soreness on both sides—in Bonn, because it was necessary to seek reassurance at all on what is, in Germany, a sensitive

political question; and in Washington, because the sudden German intervention in the American defence planning debate—a heated debate, but domestic—was something new and it came as a shock. So that some American officials at least, have been explaining to correspondents that Washington has not fallen into line with Bonn, not at all; Washington intends to carry on with its study of the new needs of defence in the atomic age, and it intends to reach its own conclusion on what should be done for the future.

This move of Dr. Adenauer's in Washington—the central move in a campaign to stop what he regards as a drift of western opinion towards a premature and lop-sided disarmament—brings out as well as anything could the change that is taking place in west Germany's relations with the world. One by one the international and domestic obstacles that stood between the Federal Republic and the possession of an army of its own have been cleared out of the way. Bonn, fortified by its key place in the western alliance and the remarkable economic strength of its people, has begun to claim the place in the western councils that belongs to a major power. This was bound to happen, given what went before. When the western defence structure was put together, it was put together without consulting Germany; indeed, the German Federal Republic as a sovereign state was a product of those early deliberations, primarily defensive and primarily intended to ward off the danger from Stalin's Russia. But, that step once taken, the structure cannot be changed again without the Federal Republic demanding a voice in what is to be done. The Paris treaties were a decisive step. The resultant changes in power relationships within the western world are working themselves out of their own momentum—accelerated, naturally, by the entanglement of France in North Africa; perhaps accelerated a little, too, by British economic weakness.

If the Bonn Government is entering this new phase of its life without complete self-confidence, it is because of another change in world affairs that has been taking place, as it happens, at just about the same time—what is most conveniently called the Thaw: the new policy in Soviet

Russia. The Thaw has set governments in the West thinking and talking seriously of reducing their armies—for the first time, I suppose, since the Russians blockaded Berlin, eight years ago—just when the German Federal Republic is beginning to form its new armed forces in earnest.

Dangers of the Thaw?

Bonn's first attempt to exercise its will independently in the western councils on a really major issue has been an attempt to counteract the danger of the Thaw. Dr. Adenauer had just got his conscription Bill through parliament when he noticed that the Governments in London and Washington were both actively considering plans to ease their defence burdens by cutting down their conventional armed forces—with the obvious implication that their armies in Germany, among the strongest and the best they have, might be cut, too. Dr. Adenauer believes that this would be dangerous; as he has explained, with the conventional forces weakened, holding actions and local defence would become impossible, so that any war that might break out in Europe would be more likely to flare up into a full-scale nuclear war—with heavy atomic and perhaps hydrogen bombs, and the danger of mass destruction. I am not sure that he is wholly right. His argument leaves out of account any possible distinction between strategic bombing and the tactical use of the smaller atomic weapons—a distinction which, one has to admit, the present three atomic powers, Russia, America, and Britain, have themselves done nothing to establish. As it seems to me, at any rate in theory, you could have smaller armies strengthened with tactical atomic weapons, able to do the job of larger armies without them; and this would be another thing from leaving the ground undefended while you dropped hydrogen bombs on the enemy's centres of population. Still, Dr. Adenauer is certainly sincere in his view and it does need to be thought about.

In thinking about it we have to remember that Dr. Adenauer, when he defends a particular concept of western defence, is also defending his own position in German politics. Along with his general argument of the folly of reducing the conventional (especially the land) forces and relying more on atomic weapons, the Chancellor is concerned, too, to preserve west Germany's right to have the large standing armed forces—twelve divisions with corps and army troops, a tactical air force, and a moderate-sized navy: a total of 500,000 men—which the Paris treaties and their protocols allowed to her. A general disarmament agreement between the powers would pretty certainly involve a cut in this German total.

There is another 'danger' which has certainly been worrying the Federal Government at Bonn. Germany's western neighbours accepted German rearmament on the assumption—from Britain, they had a firm promise—that the Anglo-American forces on the Continent would be kept at their present strength. They would not like to see a German military preponderance in western Europe. Anglo-American cuts or withdrawals, in the absence of an imminent and pressing military danger from Russia, might lead them to ask that the west German military effort should be scaled down, too. Bonn is certainly aware of this possibility, and has already been telling the German press through its spokesmen that an Anglo-American reduction would certainly not justify any cuts in the planned strength of the Bundeswehr. In that way Dr. Adenauer is trying to answer in advance a question the German public would certainly ask, because even without a general disarmament agreement big cuts in their armies by the Western Powers would cause the German public to question whether it could not reasonably have some defence cuts too—perhaps, cuts which would shorten the planned call-up, say from eighteen to twelve months, or even make it possible to do away with conscription altogether.

This is a question that can be argued two ways. If you have enough faith in the Anglo-American wisdom you can say that American and British forces would not be withdrawn unless the danger they were there to meet had diminished—and therefore, you could say, Germany could afford to consider French, Dutch, or Belgian susceptibilities and make do with a smaller army. Obviously you could not use that argument if the western troops were withdrawn, not because they could safely be spared, but because they were needed still more urgently somewhere else. Britain, when she gave her promise to keep troops on the Continent, made an exception: they might have to be withdrawn temporarily to meet an acute emergency overseas. France has had to do that for North Africa. When the Suez crisis caused Britain to start moving troops to the Mediterranean, it was quickly asked in Germany whether the British Government was going to draw on the British Army of the

Rhine to meet this new danger. Apparently it has, if only on a small scale so far. Although it has been explained to the Germans that the modest British army movements from Germany to England last week affected only a small number of specialists, and no fighting units, the news has not been at all well received in Bonn. Of course, withdrawals connected with the Suez crisis would have nothing to do with any future cuts in defence. They would be intended to be only temporary. But this has not stopped the Germans from wondering whether, if any considerable part of the Rhine Army—a division, say—were to leave Germany just now, it would ever go back there again.

Already the Suez crisis, coming on top of the withdrawal of French troops for Algeria, has caused people close to the Government in Bonn to talk of a possible need to revise the west German defence plans. To judge from German newspaper reports in the past week or so, this means more than merely speeding up the formation of the new west German army; it means perhaps expanding it beyond the limits of what was originally planned. The tendency in Bonn is to argue that way: that if the other Nato forces are to be whittled down, then the Bundeswehr will need to be not smaller, but bigger.

This argument might prevail as a matter of course if it were not that the west Germans themselves are in two minds about conscription: partly because conscription is unpleasant and costly, partly because they share the uneasy feeling of other people that the lessons of nuclear warfare have not been digested yet; and, too, because of the peculiar considerations that arise from the fact that Germany is divided in two. The argument about all these matters has not been disposed of by the successful passage of the Conscription Act through the Bonn Parliament last month. It will occupy west German politics until at any rate September next year, when a new Bundestag is to be elected.

There is one truly amazing thing about the Bonn Parliament's decision to reintroduce conscription in Germany: it was not accompanied by any decision about the term of service. This vital detail was taken out of the Bill, partly because the government parties themselves were divided between eighteen months and twelve. So the term of service is left to be fixed by another Bill in the autumn. Until that further Bill is passed, no conscripts can actually be called up. This does not mean that the conscription law, in the form in which it has been passed, is a meaningless gesture. Far from it. Universal military service is a far-reaching legal principle; it affects the structure and organisation of the state, and the citizen's status in it. Germany has been without it since 1945: eleven years. No organisation has existed to apply it since the Third Reich broke up in defeat. All this has now to be re-created. The work of setting up this organisation is now going on, under the incomplete Act which was passed last month. In October the Ministry of Defence can start with the listing and examination of the first group to be called up, the young men born in the second half of 1937: although they do not yet know how long they will have to serve, they do know that they can expect to be called to the colours next April.

In Britain conscription is regarded as a dreary practical necessity, to be got rid of as soon as it safely can; one cannot imagine a British parliament considering conscription without reference to the term of service, on which the numerical strength of the forces, the nature of their training, and the use that can be made of them, depend. It throws an interesting light on German politics that the German Conscription Bill went through smoothly once the term of service was taken out of it. The Social Democrat opposition did its best to hold things up, and managed to keep the Bundestag awake until twenty to four on a Saturday morning, but in the end the Bundestag agreed by a comfortable majority to adopt the principle and the administrative mechanism of universal military service, while leaving the actual call-up to be settled later.

Conscription, 'a Step in Foreign Policy'

To my mind this is not—although it might appear so—because conscription as a principle is popular in Germany. It is, rather, because it has been treated so far as a step in foreign policy, one of a series of decisions which have flowed, more or less automatically, from Dr. Adenauer's decision in 1950 to take the road of partnership with Nato. On the one hand, it is a stage in the fulfilment of a treaty obligation to the Western Allies, in return for which they gave the Federal Republic its sovereignty. On the other, it is seen as a stage in the acquisition of sovereignty itself—a part of the process by which the new German state is to become fully mature and fully equal with other states. This idea is fairly widespread in Germany.

But, just as conscription has been adopted by the Bonn Government

the logical, almost automatic, next link in the long chain of Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy, so the Opposition in Germany, and principally the Social Democrats, oppose it because they have opposed Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy from the start: and just at the moment when they seem to have lost, they have received help from the most unexpected possible quarter, Washington—where, as well as in London, the fixed dogmas on which Dr. Adenauer's whole policy has been based have begun to be questioned; dogmas which include an unchanging relationship with the Soviet Union, fixed American and British military strengths in Germany, and 500,000 west German soldiers. The Bonn correspondent of a conservative German newspaper, the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Stuttgart, writing on July 25 of the shock that this realisation had caused in Bonn, described the reaction in Dr. Adenauer's own circle as 'comparable with that caused by the collapse of the European Defence Community two years ago'. Indeed, he wrote, the repercussions go deeper now than they did then, for there was an alternative to the E.D.C. available, and it was adopted; but now the foundations on which Dr. Adenauer's policy has been built have begun to appear to wobble.

If we look back over German history since the war, over the successive stages which led from Mr. Byrnes' proposal of economic union of the occupation zones in 1946, to the Bonn treaties of 1952

and the Paris treaties of 1954, we can see that each step in that evolution was directly related to a parallel stage in the widening estrangement between the Western Powers and the communist world.

The Social Democrats, together with a few other minor groups in west Germany, have opposed each one of these steps. The Social Democrats oppose conscription, and at their congress at Munich last month, just after the Bundestag had passed the Bill, they pledged themselves, if they came to power, to work for its repeal. They did not pledge themselves absolutely to repeal it, being sensibly aware that it is a mistake for a party to tie its hands too tightly. Whether in fact they will repeal it, if they do come to power, will depend, I suppose, on the military needs of that time. But it will also depend on their strength in parliament. Few people suppose that they will do so well in the elections as to obtain an absolute majority. They might form a coalition government, and then they would have to listen to the views of their coalition allies.

The next general election in west Germany will be in just over a year. Not much doubt exists, I think, that the term of military service will have been fixed, and the first conscripts called up, before then; and the election will be fought partly on the question whether this was the right thing to do. I do not think it is possible to predict what will happen after that.—*Third Programme*

The U.S. Democratic Party's Choice

By CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. correspondent in Chicago

THERE have really been only two dramatically significant moments at the Democratic convention in Chicago. The first came before it opened when former President Truman gaily flung his spanner into the works, the spanner which turned into a boomerang in mid-flight; the second near the end, when after days of turgid, meaningless declamation, Mr. Stevenson, in a few incisive words, presented the convention with the first real new idea that had come before it, the idea of the new importance of the vice-presidency and the need for the vice-presidential candidate to be elected by democratic processes instead of being appointed in a smoke-filled room. By saying something that meant something, Mr. Stevenson immediately achieved a double result. By recalling that Presidents are mortal like other men and that Vice-Presidents step into their shoes, he reminded the nation at large of President Eisenhower's precarious health and the controversial character of Mr. Nixon. By condemning personal predilections and political expediency as grounds for choosing a Vice-President, he cut himself cleanly off from the machine politics of the old men and the king-makers.

Chief among these old professionals thus rebuked was of course Mr. Truman himself, and this convention has been the stage for his personal tragedy. When the former President stepped off the train a week ago, full of salt, pepper, and vinegar, he asked the reporters not to refer to him as 'a statesman'. 'A statesman', he said, 'is only a dead politician'. The following days went to show that, although he tried hard to be a live politician, even to the extent of striking several blows below the belt, his party preferred to relegate him to the shelf where elder statesmen sit, beloved but powerless. And Mr. Truman has taken it very hard.

Many people have wondered why he tried to secure the nomination of Governor Averell Harriman, a figure so obviously unacceptable to

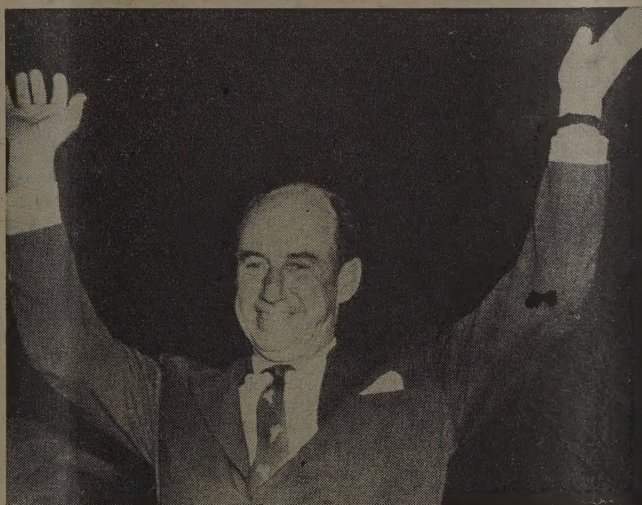
large sections of the electorate. The answer seems to be found in just what Mr. Stevenson condemned in the other context, personal predilections and political expediency. Basically, Mr. Truman dislikes Mr. Stevenson and all he stands for. He dislikes his detachment from machine politics, his intellectualism, and even his comparative youth. At the same time he saw the Tammany Hall nominee as a friend and a channel through which he could regain control of the party leadership.

So, blithely accepting the challenge of hard facts, he set out to show his mettle as a live politician, to get Harriman elected or at least to stop Stevenson. His fighting spirit led him to commit actions for which he is now being pilloried by the party press. By calling the man whom the party has now nominated as its candidate 'a defeatist doomed to failure', and by saying that Governor Harriman was the only man equipped to take over the Presidency without a period of trial and error, Mr. Truman damaged Democratic chances next November and supplied the Republicans with ammunition. His obvious and painful chagrin as the crowded convention hall whooped it up for Stevenson was reflected in the faces of several of the old school, men like big Jim Farley and Tammany Hall's leader, Carmen di Sapio.

What have the Democrats now got in their place? An educated

and eloquent man of high principles and a sense of humour. A man with a strong distaste for the inevitable sweat and grime of politics, who has manfully swallowed that distaste and gone down into the arena in spite of it. A man who may well find that his originality and wit are a disadvantage before a public that admires the inarticulate sincerity of Mr. Eisenhower. A man who arouses the devotion of the idealistic section of the American public, but the suspicions of the hard-headed. A man who is going to fight harder this time than he ever did in 1952.

—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*



Mr. Adlai Stevenson: a photograph taken last week after his nomination as Democratic candidate for the U.S. Presidential election

Aspects of Africa

The African Intellectual

By EZEKIEL MPHAHLELE

THE first thing to say about the African intellectual, at any rate in the Union, is that the wider setting against which he must be understood is almost precisely the same as that of the non-intellectual. In fact it may not differ very much from that of the non-literate. By 'setting' I mean broad and basic things such as his origins, family background, where he lives, and how well he lives. His personal history differs, of course, and his view of himself, and the view which others take of him. Sometimes, by no means always, his daily occupation differs.

Consider, first, his family background. There are many who come of families educated and established for two or more generations in the towns; but if not he, then his father or grandfather was a man who came from a tribal community which had never experienced the need for formal schooling in the western sense. In the process of time this man gets caught up in the stream of an industrial revolution or a European farming economy that goes beyond the ordinary subsistence level of his community. Because he is not allowed to buy land, except from small released areas, he finds himself compelled to leave the now arid and over-populated Reserves. He drifts to the towns to seek work so that he may pay his taxes and levies and feed his dependants who remain scratching for a living on poor soil in the Reserves. He must understand his employer's instructions in English or Afrikaans, read names of streets and shops. He feels utterly inadequate in this respect, and begins to realise how vital education is.

Economic Weapon

It all starts as an economic weapon—this going to school. But it is also because of this economic aspect that most African children leave school after four school years. They must go out and augment the family income. However, with more and more Africans going on to high school and to university the cultural function of education has begun to assume higher and universal standards. The economic yardstick is no longer adequate, and the 'intellectual' emerges, by which I simply mean a class of men who are interested in cultural matters for their own sake and for their relevance to affairs beyond the individual's own immediate personal good.

My own 'case-history' is that I was born in the slums of Marabastad, in Pretoria. When I was seven we moved to the Northern Transvaal and I herded goats and cattle, and when it was not harvesting or hoeing time I attended school. When I was thirteen we moved back to Pretoria, where I was able to attend school regularly. Outside school hours I carried washing for my mother to and from whites in the suburbs. Somehow we managed that I went to high school, and I got a scholarship for a teacher's course. I was a school teacher for fifteen years, and during that time I took a B.A. honours degree in English by private study, and am now working on a thesis for an M.A. degree. I no longer teach, but work as a journalist and writer.

But, except that I have these interests and was to this extent able to pursue them, I, and the many like me, come from the same kinds of home, and live now under the same uncertain conditions and in the same way as our fellow African townsmen. We are much affected by the constant movement of our people, either by government order, or force of economic circumstance, or the shortage of housing which compels people to move out of townships to squat on open land. There are many ways, however, in which the intellectual is really worse off than others. In a life of so much frustration, and conditions that place even the basic things out of reach, the masses look up to the educated man to lift them out of the bog. They expect him to win for them political and financial power. The intellectual has not lived up to these expectations. Things have not been easy. Before industry started to employ a considerable number of Africans, the teacher's salary, low as it was—£6 a month—was above that paid to unskilled workers. So was the clerk's. Today the workers have climbed up to skilled and semi-skilled jobs and their wages exceed those of the teacher and clerk. Again, because most intellectuals are in government employ or that of state-subsidised private agencies, they have not been able to

do much for the masses for fear of victimisation, and the loss of even the little they earn. Now the masses are disillusioned: even the village schoolmaster does not enjoy the wholesome respect his predecessor did. It is a lonely man who is not taken seriously by his own people, yet cannot keep aloof from them and their daily miseries.

Professional Opportunities

The teaching profession is the most common among educated Africans. The teacher's course is not long: three years if one takes it after the primary school Standard Six; two years if one had done a three-year course in high school. An African may also become a doctor, a most expensive undertaking, unless he decides to swallow his pride by accepting a scholarship to the one and only medical school the Government has set up specially for non-Europeans. One may be a traffic inspector. But only very few cities and towns employ African inspectors. There are only forty such inspectors in Johannesburg. There is also the job of assistant librarian. But municipal libraries are a negligible number. There are few openings for social work, and the only school of social work for Africans in South Africa produces about eighteen graduates every year. The demand for social workers slightly exceeds the supply, but the salaries offered are most unattractive. Outside these spheres the intellectual can only be a clerk, and forget about a career. A clerk's job is the last outpost of respectability.

The fact is that white industrialists and lawyers do not want an African worker who is 'too educated'. They are content if a worker can read and write, speak English intelligibly, and understand instructions of the simplest kind. They are inclined to suspect the highly educated worker. A year ago I worked in a lawyer's office as a messenger-clerk. I am able to do touch-typing, and I used to help his white typist. One day, as I had often done before, I was using a typewriter facing the counter in the reception compartment. My employer tapped me on the shoulder and called me to his office. 'You'll have to carry your machine into the waiting room where you make tea', he said. 'You see, my white clients will rave mad if they see a black man near the reception counter. Please remove it at once'. He wanted my services, but not at any price. He liked my hands and brains, but not my face. But he had to keep me because if he hired a white man to do the work I did he would have to pay him twice as much.

The intellectual is clearly not wanted in the city. He is regarded as a creature that always gets in the way, if not a positive menace. The whites prefer illiterates or semi-literates, who accept their humble station; who can run down and buy sandwiches, or a bunch of flowers for the typist, and sometimes a packet of cigarettes for her boy-friend. It must be the humble sort who accepts a 'tickey' or left-overs from the typist's lunch with a grateful grin, and who goes about the premises like a trained animal: a humiliating role for anybody, according to the degree of sensitivity. There are certain people who have been hardened by the necessity to keep a job. They may be called 'Jim' or 'boy' by a shop assistant and keep calm. They know that if they allowed themselves to lose their temper every time they were thus insulted, life under the white man would be perpetual pain. But there are some of us whose pitch of sensitivity is always high and does not allow such a philosophic acceptance of the position.

The African Graduate

It is not uncommon for an African university graduate to be without work for which he is qualified. If he does get such work, then in common with other educated men, graduate or non-graduate, he receives only two-thirds or even a half of the wages of the semi-skilled worker of his race in, say, the building industry, or in the factory, or a driver's job. And naturally he wonders if all his study has been worth his while. Often he dare not reveal his educational qualifications to a prospective employer or his boss. He must remain tacitly apologetic about his educational status. Meantime, he owes it to his people and himself to acquit himself well.

Two factors baulk the educated African's efforts: his colour and what known in South Africa as the 'civilised labour policy'. The African's val in this country is the kind of white worker—of about eighteen to thirty-five years of age—who comes from the country, usually without high-school certificate. His counterpart in the city, the poor white, is an equally serious rival. In each case it is the European youth who is made a failure of academic schooling who is enabled to take up a job as a shop assistant, store-keeper, post office clerk, municipal location officer, other public service clerk, laboratory assistant, foreman, and so on—all the posts which, as things are, the African university graduate might be glad to get. Government officials and educationists have been complaining that European technical colleges have been producing poor workers who either fail their examinations or make inefficient apprentices. Another complaint is that too few whites do the matriculation. The reason is, surely, that there is always sheltered employment for white youths and knowledge of this is no incentive to hard work.

What about the educated man's prospects of a job among Africans, the locations? My people have been a reservoir for the white man's cheap labour for so long that all too few of them can become economically independent of the white employer. It is true that the authorities do not allow any other racial group than Africans to own shops in municipal locations. But they are mostly grocers' shops and butcheries. There are few other trades, because it is difficult to start without capital or training. In a Johannesburg township, the largest African location in the southern hemisphere with a population of 100,000, there is only one printer; there is one plumber; one African and six European medical doctors (who have a special licence to practise here). There is one high school; one social centre; one post office. There are only two small clinics. There are no bakeries, abattoirs, or market or department stores or factories, or life insurance or estate agents' offices; no commercial school, no men's hostel. There are no chemist shops, no stationery or rapery shops; no cinema or beauty salon; no park. All these essentials could provide skilled and semi-skilled as well as unskilled work in the African urban areas. But when the intellectual has been virtually forced out of the white man's town, he falls back on a poor community that cannot use his services.

White Man's Land'

This brings me to the irony of the whole position. The African is continually told by whites, and by the Government: 'You do not belong in the city. This is white man's land. Of course if you have come to work for us, you're welcome. By all means rent a house in the location. But if you were not born here, or if you have not been working for at least fifteen years continuously in this district, you must go to the Reserves, where you were born, and where you really belong. Even if you're not redundant, you've got to get this clear in your mind: you can't get the municipal vote. Besides, there are no high-grade jobs for you here. That's the white man's field. Why don't you go back and serve your own people? We'll give you local councils to govern yourselves in your townships—under white supervision, of course, until you've mastered the tricks of the trade. You're wondering what you'll do in the Reserves? There's work there for everyone who wants to work. We know the land is in a bad state, but the Government is doing all it can to restore and conserve soil and water. Tell your people they're in for a time of prosperity in the near future. They'll soon be getting industries brought right to their doorstep. You'll soon have your own cities, with cinemas, theatres, swimming baths, parks, technical colleges, doctors, engineers, and what-have-you: just as the Europeans have in their own areas. These things take time, and you'll mar everything from the start if you agitate the minds of your people by telling them to demand parliamentary or municipal government. You know most of them don't care for such big things. They're still backward'.

That is what the African is told. But he knows not only that the promised El Dorado in the Reserves is too good to be true, but that if it were feasible it would amount to an incalculable loss to his own people. It would mean that the black man must forsake the cities to which his labour has contributed so much, and turn to building for a dream state. It would also mean a sad break with friends he has made among whites and some of the excellent things in their culture. He presents being told to cut his suit according to his cloth, when he has been given moth-eaten material or none whatever.

As a group, intellectuals are too unsettled and insecure to take up a vanguard position in the cultural development of their people. They are men with white collars and empty pockets. It is obvious that the higher a man goes in educational attainment the more demands he

makes for his spiritual and material comfort. He may want to own a radio set, or a gramophone and good music records; he may want to attend a lecture or cinema in town; he may be a book collector; he may want free access to public libraries in town. He wants a bigger house, respectable dress, and he wants to eat better: and these are gnawing demands. It is against this platitude that the argument becomes even more stupid that the white man has a higher standard of living—inherently so—which must be perpetually buoyed up at the expense of the African worker. In any case, both black and white pay the same price for goods in the shops.

Attitude to Apartheid

What does the intellectual think of the policy of *apartheid*? He finds partial *apartheid* annoying because it cripples him. And he is not enchanted with the idea of total *apartheid*, especially when he is now being told that migrant labour will continue to form an integral part of the country's economy, which can mean nothing less than inequality and oppression. Most African traders in the townships are eager to help the Government bring about total segregation, because they think this will ensure a monopoly of trade, unhindered by the entry of Indians, Coloureds, and Europeans. But as only a negligible number of traders are to any extent educated, they have nothing to lose by being cut off from the hub of intellectual life.

The future is a gloomy one. There are a number of things African intellectuals have conceded and tried to be philosophic about. Very few dream of 'Africa for Africans'. Most of them think in terms of a South African population of Africans, Indians, Coloureds, and Europeans. They have also made tremendous strides in bringing together the various tribes into a black national unit, and they resent the present system of tribal grouping the state is enforcing in their townships, which sets the process back. In the same way, the cultural bridges whereby we could get together with Europeans who have like aspirations are being broken down. We fear that if this trend of South African politics continues—which is to bottle up races in small distinct entities—then the country is heading for a possible clash between two nationalisms, which will mean a switch-back to something like the Cape Eastern Frontier clashes between black and white during the eighteenth century.

Some people, in South Africa and abroad, would say that white segregationists are sincere people who want to find a Christian solution to a problem peculiar to a so-called multi-racial society. But the African intelligentsia feel that if the white man were sincere he would consult the African about his plans—in fact they would plan together—instead of continually thrusting systems of education, ethnic grouping, residential segregation, and so on, down his throat, with the implication: 'You may not like this, but you must like it'. What brand of sincerity is that?

'Chimera' of Christian Trusteeship

I believe that to most intellectuals white leadership or Christian trusteeship has become a chimera. We regard it as dishonest. For that matter, the Christian faith has lost its original enchantment, because it seems to us that it has become the very expression of the dishonesty of the West. The Church in South Africa has been on the retreat for many years. The story of missionary work is also a story of compromise. We have become disillusioned in missionary teaching, because while we were being evangelised and taught to tolerate our oppressor, very little if any similar evangelising was being done among the whites. Missionary teaching may have been good for its own sake, but it has become inadequate in a South African context because, as it seems to many of us, it adopts an outworn, orthodox, and even reactionary approach to intricate political problems. The African intellectual is prepared to live with the white man. But he asks for no paternal benevolence. He wants justice: a universal justice. The text for a South African sermon will always be the one given by Mr. Adlai Stevenson when he ended his visit here: 'Be just to your neighbour and let God take care of the rest'.—*Third Programme*

The thirteenth-century account book of the Cistercian Abbey of Beaulieu which was the subject of a talk by Dr. C. H. Talbot, printed in THE LISTENER a year ago, has been presented to the British Museum through the Friends of the National Libraries. This is one of the facts contained in the annual report of the Friends of the National Libraries which has just been published. Other acquisitions include a signed letter by Warwick the King-maker and six autograph letters of Thomas Gainsborough.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

The Radio Show

THE National Radio Show which opened at Earls Court, London, yesterday contains everything that is lavish, ingenious, and popular in the world of entertainment. For those who are unable to get there to see them in person many items will be broadcast both in television and sound. The arena covered with grass has provided the opportunity for performers in a 'two-ring circus' and international sporting figures to reveal their prowess. But all this is but the icing on the cake. The main purpose of the Show is for the radio industry to disclose what it has to offer in the way of sets and the new prices at which it will sell them. Visitors will be able to see portable television sets, sets that combine television and sound, twenty-one-inch television sets with 'optional legs' and many other examples of style and ingenuity. Television sets are like motor-cars—models change from year to year. Viewers have to make up their minds whether they will try to chug along with the old model or try to keep up with the Joneses. At any rate they can go to Earls Court and decide whether to resist temptation or to fall for it.

Meanwhile television is not all. As Mr. Pollock points out in an article in *Radio Times* the forgotten army of 'steam radio' is by no means contemptible. There are still 8,500,000 'sound only' licences in operation, apart from the viewers who also listen. The British Broadcasting Corporation has just launched a publicity campaign designed to draw the attention of listeners to the merits of V.H.F. (very high frequency) sets. Of course some listeners are satisfied with their old medium-wave receivers—and there is no question of stopping medium-wave broadcasting in the foreseeable future. But in a great many areas, especially in coastal districts, reception is not, and cannot be, all that it might be—because of various kinds of interference. One programme may be easily and pleasantly obtainable, while another will be subject to irritating distortion. V.H.F. sets properly tuned in give almost ideal listening. It is a boon to all listeners and, above all, to lovers of good music.

Since the B.B.C. opened its first V.H.F. station at Wrotham in Kent in May, 1955, to cover the London area, nearly 500,000 sets have been sold. Since then six other stations have come into operation. Some twenty-five stations are needed to cover the whole of the British Isles. But by October there will already be an 84 per cent. coverage and within eighteen months from now 96 per cent. of the country will be covered. Thus it is understandable why the B.B.C. is anxious now to draw the attention of its listeners to the merits of V.H.F.* The prices of these sets have come down since they were first put on the market and a set can now be purchased for as little as £15. Two hundred different sets are on view at the Radio Show and visitors can go to a V.H.F. demonstration theatre. Readers of THE LISTENER who take their listening seriously and do not already possess V.H.F. sets ought certainly to sample the attractions of this new triumph of modern science.

* Copies of V.H.F. An Explanation of Very High Frequency Sound Broadcasting with Frequency Modulation, published by the B.B.C. Engineering Information Department, London, W.1, may be obtained free on application

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the London conference

THE LONDON CONFERENCE ON SUEZ remained the chief topic of discussion.

EGYPT AND THE ARAB WORLD: On August 18 a Cairo transmission reported Colonel Nasser as saying he would not in any circumstances accept international management of the Suez Canal as proposed by Mr. Dulles at the conference, as this would be an infringement of Egyptian sovereignty and dignity. He might, however, consider the setting up of a committee of maritime nations to advise Egypt on the management and future development of the Canal. During the conference last week, Egyptian newspapers as quoted from Cairo continued to express great hostility to western plans for internationalisation of the Canal and to stress the wide support Egypt was receiving from the governments and people of the Arab world, Asia, and Europe. Confidence was expressed that Nasser was winning his fight for world approval of his act of nationalisation.

U.S.S.R.: After the conference opened a Moscow broadcast spoke of 'goodwill and readiness to co-operate on all sides' in order that a solution might be found acceptable to Egypt and other interested countries. On the opening day of the conference, Moscow home radio interrupted its programme at 10.37 to announce its opening, together with the *News Chronicle's* headline: 'All eyes are on Shepilov', and the fact that *The Times* had spoken of 'the desire of many countries for a peaceful settlement'. *Pravda* claimed that fifteen of the twenty-four countries invited to the London conference were members of western military blocs ruled by a 'kind of military discipline'.

UNITED STATES: The *New York Times* was quoted as saying:

The idea of international supervision does not go far enough. There must be agreed international operation under agreement with Egypt. To call this 'collective colonialism' is nonsense. It is a way to keep a great highway open at all times. Nationalisation is not the issue. Validity of contract is. And behind the necessity of keeping those contracts valid is the need to keep a waterway working.

FRANCE: The French press, as quoted from Paris, remained adamant that—in the words of *Le Figaro*—the Suez question was a challenge which if not adequately met would have profound repercussions throughout the Middle East. The left-wing *Combat* maintained that a victory for Nasser would undermine any chance of pacification in Algeria. But the French press stressed that the French Government eagerly desired a peaceful settlement.

INDIA: *The Times of India* was quoted as saying:

Both in content and manner, Nasser's rejection of the invitation to the London conference is a commendable piece of diplomacy, notable particularly for its restraint and its unconditional acceptance of the principle of internationalisation. This principle does not, in the Egyptian view, involve—as the Western Powers appear to believe—a kind of international authority, equipped with overriding rights of control that render it almost indistinguishable from what Colonel Nasser has described as 'collective colonialism'.

AUSTRALIA: Australian newspapers regretted Egypt's refusal to attend the London conference and condemned its proposal for a wider conference as 'unwieldy and unlikely to achieve anything but recrimination'.

CHINA: A Chinese expert in international law condemned as 'illegal' the western proposal to place the Canal under international control: the Canal was not an international waterway, but an integral part of Egyptian territory. Chinese broadcasts emphasised that 'the Chinese Government and people fully support a rightful action by the Egyptian Government in the maintenance of its sovereignty and independence'.

EAST GERMANY: Broadcasts protested bitterly at the British Government's refusal to grant entry visas to the members of the east German (uninvited) 'delegation' to the London conference:

This behaviour amounts to presumption, in that the British Government is not entitled to determine the participation or non-participation of another country's delegation in an international conference . . . Until reunification, the German Democratic Republic is one of two German successor States to the German Reich (which signed the 1888 Convention) . . . But the refusal of entry visas will not prevent the German Democratic Republic from supporting the Egyptian Government in its just claims and from resisting all measures liable to prejudice Egypt's sovereignty and endanger peace.

Did You Hear That?

THE TRAVELLER RETURNS

FRANK SMITH, who has been in South Africa for the B.B.C. since 1954, has just returned to England, and gave his impressions in 'From Our Own Correspondent'. 'People here', he said, 'seem to have a wider margin round their lives; they look smarter and more relaxed than when last I was here in 1954; their desire for travel appears unabated and London itself seems to have taken on a much gayer aspect, attracting more visitors than ever before and giving them a jollier time than ever seemed possible in the past. The floodlights, the bright espresso coffee bars, the wealth of the theatre and ballet and music, all drop like balm on the spirit parched for so long in Africa.'

'But, for me, perhaps the most striking thing of all is the large number of coloured folk now working in London and—more striking still—the easy relations the British have with them. Only the other morning I looked out of my window, just off Piccadilly, where a new building is going up, and saw Jamaicans and white builders working side by side. And I noticed that, unlike in South Africa, they were working as equals, sharing their cups of tea without which no work can apparently be done over here. It is all so natural and unaffected after the tensions of Africa, where even the most liberal of Europeans are consciously striving to be normal with the mass of Africans and where racial policies are viewed

with considerable misgiving and suspicion on both sides. To hear the soft, unhurried tones of the coloured ticket collector or bus conductor and to see their easy, unworried smiles gave me a vision of what life could be like in Africa if fear did not stalk the continent as it does: fear of competition, politically fostered fear of a man's colour; fear which is so much blinder than ever love can be'.

MOTHER OF THE SNOW

Members of the Parachute Brigade have just come home after two months of exploration in one of the wildest areas of Alaska. During that time they reconnoitred a new route up the highest mountain in North America, Mount McKinley, and climbed four peaks that had not been climbed before and were still unnamed. It was the first British expedition to this part of the world. The mountains they penetrated are known as the Alaska Range and their leader, Captain E. J. E. MILLS, spoke about their experiences in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The Alaska Range', he said, 'covers about half the area of Europe, and it is certainly one of the world's wildest mountain ranges: thousands of square miles of icefields and ice-clad peaks; the highest of them, Mount McKinley, 20,300 feet. McKinley is one of the most massive mountains in the world. It covers an area of some 225 square miles and it is certainly one of the most beautiful mountains anywhere.'

'The Indians call it Denalee, or "Mother of the Snow", and they also call it Beautiful Goddess, and hold it almost akin to reverence. You cannot get them to accompany expeditions; they refuse to climb it.

Which means you cannot hire porters, as you do in the Himalayas; to carry your gear. You have to carry it yourself or, as we did, haul it in a boat-shaped sledge.

'This huge corner of Alaska was made into a National Park before the war. To call it a park gives rather the wrong idea, because ordinary visitors are allowed to penetrate only its very outer edges. This vast tract of country covers an area about that of southern England, and is, one might say, closed to the public. There are park wardens who see the life is not disturbed, and if you want to go amongst the mountains you not only have to get permission but must be backed by some form

of rescue cover, or, as we were, by the United States Air Force, in case you find yourself in trouble, which can happen easily amongst the ice-falls and icefields of the Alaska Range.

'In the valleys are some of the largest bears in the world. The Alaska brown bear, which tips the scales at three-quarters of a ton, is exceptionally ferocious. There are also moose, caribou, wolf and wolverine and foxes, red foxes, and as large salmon and trout as you will find anywhere. In fact, forty-pound trout are not entirely unusual. However, the only life we saw on McKinley was two bees, flown up from the vegetation line, and a raven which raided one of our food depots and flew off with two days' supplies, including some sleeping pills. We needed sleeping pills because of the difficulty of



Mount McKinley, North America's highest mountain: a view from Wonder Lake in the Mount McKinley National Park

getting a good night's sleep during the day, as we worked always at night under the midnight sun. In fact, I think the two biggest curses of our trip were the midnight sun, when we wanted to get some sleep, and hauling a sledge heavily loaded with supplies up the glaciers of the Alaska Range.

'We found the best method was to be roped together with only three actually hauling. The leading man did not pull, but found the route and probed for crevasses. The second man protected him with the rope, whilst the third and fourth were concerned mainly with hauling the sledge; one in front of the other on a central trace. The trouble was that often the last man found himself teetering on the edge of a crevasse, being pulled forward by the three in front and pulled backwards by the sledge. And there certainly were times when tempers became pretty raw. Mount McKinley was first climbed in 1912, on the Belmore Brown Expedition, which got within 200 feet of the top before being turned back by extreme cold and strong winds'.

GROWING FLOWERS FOR MONEY

ROSE MARIE HODGSON, a market gardener, spoke of her work in a Home Service talk. 'I open the floral year', she said, 'with a catch-crop of the aconites which grow in golden profusion round our copper-beech and the early snowdrops planted in our nutgrove. They take a long time to pick and bunch, often in inclement weather, but in their small way they are representative of the many catch-crops we do all through the year, both to fill in odd corners of the garden and to keep up a constant

trickle of supplies to local shops. These little crops that bring in from £5 to £50 include perennials such as lily-of-the-valley ("valley" to the trade), a row of pyrethrum, a bed of Mrs. Sinkin's pinks, a patch of erigeron, the Michaelmas daisy that comes in July, and several rows of scabious.

'We have learned a few lessons from our mistakes with annual catch-crops. For example, there was the year when we did larkspur which grew to eight feet, which is far too bulky to be worth sending to Covent Garden. An economist who was visiting us helped to cut it one rainy morning from 5.30 to 8, and almost wept when I announced that the three of us had netted £1 16s. 6d. Now we only bother with asters and Lilliput zinnias which pack well and easily, and we raise lettuce between the young sweet peas under cloche. Some interesting, but sad, experiments have taught us that we must not fritter our resources. We have given up our attempt at *gloriosa superba* and tuberose flowers from Calcutta; and house-plants such as cinerarias, and fuchsias and pelargoniums and even the humble geranium. They took too much space, heat, and labour to fit in equitably with the rest of the programme. In our small domain, the same applies to bedding plants, except the ones that we need to plant out for our own schedule. But we do enjoy a charming and modestly profitable aside with arum lilies.

'Now for the main crops on our four acres. After trial and error, we have boiled them down to daffodils, tulips, iris, sweet peas, gladioli, runner beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, melons, chrysanthemums, and freesias. You will see that there must always be a lot of work in progress—preparation for the future, cultivation of the present, and care of the aged and dying down.

'The ordinary varieties of daffodil, however big and splendid they are, scarcely cover the cost in labour alone because there are so many of them everywhere. They come by aircraft from the Scilly Islands, and in trains from the West Country, flooding the market and bringing the price down early. But it remains delicious to see 40,000 of them at a glance, especially the ones that are naturalised in grass, and there is still reasonable profit in watching the expensive white daffodil bulbs increase, as well as others of the less ordinary kinds such as the sulphur-coloured camellia that is so like the flower it is named after.

'Tulips are our most important crop, and this year brought in more than £600. The glass-house tulips are well under way before we have finished with the daffodils. Before we are through with these cold-house tulips we are on with the ones raised under cloche, which include late varieties such as the gorgeous parrots, with feathery indented petals, pink and green, red, orange, and bluey-mauve, and the final week or two of these overlap with the first of the Dutch iris, which we grow in shades of blue, yellow, and white.

'Week-ends are our busiest times in the summer, because we have to do most of the cutting, bunching, and packing between us then, and one Sunday this year we cut and packed over fifty boxes of tulips and iris, each containing five to eight dozen blooms, as well as a great stack of crates of lettuce. Cutting started after lunch on Saturday and finished before lunch on Sunday, so that the flowers had a long drink in buckets of water before the British Road Service lorry called for them on Sunday evening to take them to Covent Garden. They were bunched late on Saturday night and on Sunday afternoon. The tulips are bundled in twelves with a rubber band and a tape higher up; the iris slightly sprayed in layered bunches of six with a tape near the end of the stems. They are fitted into boxes lined with wax paper, and then secured by a batten across the middle, so that the salesman can hold the opened box up on end for display in the market without the flowers moving. When the lorry has gone on Sunday night we look over the flowers reserved by shops in local towns, which they have ordered on Saturday for Monday. There may be a shred of material to be matched

for the bridesmaids' bouquets at a wedding, or a special order for flowers in club colours for an old boys' "do", or a last-minute request for specified funeral flowers.

'The increasing costs of labour, supplies, and equipment call for much improvisation. For example, we use a bulb steriliser made out of an electrified dust-bin. This year's effort is a 120-foot house made of transparent plastic film on a light wood frame, much cheaper than a glass house, and so light that girls can carry the sections easily and erect them wherever they are wanted'.

THE CULT OF PERSONALITY

'I have just finished fifty years as a cartoonist', said DAVID LOW in a general news talk in the European Service. 'One can easily be obsessed by the past; but on the other hand it probably gives one a clearer vision of the future. So I have been looking to see what sort of a future it is going to be for cartoonists.

'Not too good. Mr. Khrushchev of Soviet Russia has been talking about the deplorable "cult of personality", but looking at the new stars of public life around the world, it seems a little unnecessary to me. No one could say the new lot are as picturesque as the old lot were. Curiously enough, the most cartoonable personality of the whole lot is Khrushchev himself. Say what you like about his politics, a roly-poly of a man with a square bald head and tiny feet must be a valuable cartoonable property. Just as it was always difficult to draw Stalin looking virtuous and innocent, with his low forehead, those narrow eyes, and that handlebar moustache barely covering a rather cruel cut of mouth, it would be equally difficult to make Khrushchev look wicked. So far attempts to do so have been failures. It looks as though we will have him to play around with for some time to come, for he seems full of beans. Perhaps he doesn't mean his deploring of the "cult of personality" to be taken too seriously. Stalin I remember said much the same thing when he glued himself to the Chair. And we all know what happened to his personality.

'Bulganan is less readily drawable. Looks too much like a provincial

Lord Mayor. And, goodness me! the new Soviet Foreign Minister isn't a character—he's a type. Mao Tse-tung of China, yes, fairly good, but they keep him shut away like a mystery, leaving all the limelight to Chu. Chu is better and will do to go on with, but there should be a law to make it compulsory to have leaders parade up and down the street at least once a year, just to show they are real people. In India Nehru may be an excellent and much-advertised person, but he's too good-looking to be manufactured into a picturesque character. Not a patch on Gandhi in that respect.

'Yet if in the outside world personality has declined, it is no better on the Home Front here in Britain. If you found Anthony Eden and Hugh Gaitskell sitting across from you in a train, you probably would not look at either of them twice. Just two fellows to pattern, like everybody else. These modern clothes, hats and hair-dos have a powerfully levelling effect. A generation back you could not have failed to notice Ramsay MacDonald, say, or Churchill, or even Baldwin. Maybe it is a matter of supply and demand. People do not demand personalities in politics nowadays. They have had too big a dose of all that through television, which manufactures and delivers crowds of towering personalities to their firesides nightly. This is the age of the Common Man, they tell me. That is why commentators die young, exhausted by the hard work of trying to make some of them Un-common. You could not expect mere politicians to stand out as much as they used to do, even if they knew how to cultivate peculiarity, which, in fact, they rarely do. It is a sign of the times that none of the secondary political leaders are nearly as recognisable to the general public here as is, say, a television performer called Gilbert Harding'.



GLAD HAND

Cartoon by Low on the occasion of the visit to this country of Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin

Law in Action

Family Agreements to Share the Winnings

By A BARRISTER

FOOTBALL pools are, I suppose, an important social phenomenon of our times. There has certainly been no age in our history when competitions of mixed skill and chance have been more popular. The substantial prizes which such competitions provide may result not only in family rejoicing but in family disputes, which sometimes lead to the solicitor's office.

In 1955, for example, there was the case of *Simpkins v. Pays*, which arose out of a series of contests in a Sunday newspaper whereby, in the words of Mr. Justice Sellers, 'readers were invited to place in order of merit, attraction or beauty eight fashions, or articles of attire'. The plaintiff, Mrs. Simpkins, lived as a lodger with the defendant, Mrs. Pays, and the defendant's grand-daughter. For some weeks the lodger, the grandmother, and grand-daughter sent in a coupon with forecasts on it, as an entry for the fashion competition. The method adopted was as follows. The grandmother and the grand-daughter would each make separate forecasts, putting them on the same piece of paper. The lodger, having collected the paper, would herself fill in the coupon, putting her own line in first, the grand-daughter's second, and the grandmother's third. The lodger would then enter in the appropriate place on the coupon not her own name but the name of the grandmother. The Judge accepted the evidence of the lodger that she and the grandmother had paid more or less alternately for the necessary stamp for the postage and for the twopence-halfpenny which had to be sent for each line forecast. He also accepted the lodger's important evidence that, when this arrangement was made, the words used were 'We will go shares', or words to that effect.

In the case of the competition of Sunday, June 27, 1954, one of the forecasts which they made was successful and a prize of £750 was duly sent to the grandmother. The action was brought by the lodger to recover a third share of this money.

Requirements for a Legally Binding Contract

The main argument advanced by Counsel for the grandmother at the trial was that the arrangement was not binding on her, because the parties did not intend it to have any legal effect. It is this aspect of the case which I should like to discuss shortly, before telling you of the Judge's decision.

English law lays down certain requirements which all have to be fulfilled before a legally binding contract can be concluded. The first is an offer by words or conduct. The second is an acceptance, by words or by conduct, of the identical terms of that offer. The third (except in the case of contracts made by deed) is consideration, that is to say, some *quid pro quo* for the promise which is sought to be enforced. The text-books usually add a fourth requirement, namely that the plaintiff and defendant must have intended their agreement to have legal consequences. It was on this requirement that *Simpkins v. Pays* turned. What is not clearly settled is where the burden of proof of this requirement lies. Must a positive intent to create a legal relationship be proved by the plaintiff or will the court infer that it exists, unless there is something to suggest the contrary?

The burden, certainly, is always on the plaintiff seeking to enforce a contract to prove offer, acceptance and consideration. Once the plaintiff has discharged this burden, however, the better view seems to be that the onus in most cases shifts to the defendant to show that the parties did not intend to be bound. For it appears from the cases that where persons, who are not husband and wife or otherwise closely related, go through the motions of making a binding contract, the court will presume, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that they intended to be bound. We shall see later that, in the case of agreements between husband and wife or close relatives, the presumption is reversed, but I shall refer first by way of illustration to a few of the cases which did not concern agreements between members of the same family.

In *Simpkins v. Pays*, the case of the fashion competition, Mr. Justice Sellers did not discuss the legal question whether the plaintiff lodger had to prove the presence of the intent to create legal relations

or the grandmother defendant had to prove its absence. He merely found as a fact that the parties did intend to be bound. To quote his words: 'It may well be there are many family associations where some sort of rough-and-ready thing is said which would not, on a proper estimate of the circumstances, establish a contract which was contemplated to have legal consequences, but I do not so find here'. He therefore gave judgement for the lodger, who recovered her third share of the winnings.

Parties' Intention

Let me now turn to a more general question suggested by the case of *Simpkins v. Pays*. Where a defendant alleges that the parties did not intend to be legally bound by an agreement, how do the courts decide whether this allegation is true? Sometimes the decision is easy to reach, because the parties have expressly stated whether they intend their contract to have legal consequences. In *Lee v. Shermans Pools Limited*, for example, the plaintiff claimed winnings alleged to have been won on a football pool coupon sent by him to the defendant company. On the face of the coupon signed by the plaintiff, however, was printed a clause stating that it was 'binding in honour only'. The plaintiff's statement of claim was struck out by the Court of Appeal as being frivolous and vexatious, and his action failed. A similar fate would almost certainly attend an attempt to enforce what parties expressed to be a 'gentleman's agreement'. For their use of this phrase is, on the face of it, inconsistent with the intention to bind themselves in law. Equally, the parties' intentions, although unspoken, are in some cases so clear that no one would consider arguing about them in the courts. As Lord Justice Atkin once said: 'The ordinary example is where two people agree to take a walk together or where there is an offer and an acceptance of hospitality. Nobody would suggest in ordinary circumstances that these agreements would result in what we know as a contract'.

In most cases, however, the parties' intentions are not so obvious or so clearly expressed. Where the defendant alleges that the parties do not intend to be bound, the courts have to do their best to infer whether such allegation is true from their words and actions and from all the circumstances of the case. In *Carlill v. Carbolic Smokeball Co.*, decided in 1893, the makers of a medical preparation called 'the Carbolic Smoke Ball' issued an advertisement offering to pay £100 to any person who used their Smoke Ball in a specified manner for a specified period and contracted influenza. They also stated that they had deposited £1,000 with a certain bank to show their sincerity in the matter. The plaintiff, on the faith of the advertisement, bought a Carbolic Smoke Ball and used it in the specified manner but nevertheless contracted influenza. She sued for the £100, and the Court of Appeal, being of opinion that the promise was not a mere puff, held her entitled to recover. The deposit of the £1,000 was, in the court's opinion, a sure indication that the promise was intended to be understood by the public as a serious offer, which was meant to be acted upon.

'Mere General Words . . . to Excite Suitors'

Sometimes it is impossible on the facts to impute to the parties the intention to make a binding contract. In *Weeks v. Tybald*, for example, decided in 1604, a despairing father promised to give £100 to any man who would marry his daughter with his consent. The plaintiff did so and demanded his reward. His action failed, for, to quote the judgement, the father's promises were 'mere general words spoken to excite suitors' and could place him under no legal obligation.

Different considerations apply to agreements between husband and wife, or between members of a family who are closely related. If they expressly state that they do or do not intend to be legally bound, the court carries out their wishes. Equally, if they go to the trouble of recording their agreement on paper with some degree of formality, the court will probably infer that they meant to bind each other. The general presumption, however, is the opposite of the presumption in cases where the parties are not married or close relatives. If husband and wife, or close relatives, make an agreement, they are presumed, in the absence of a clear contrary intention, not to have intended it to

have any legal effect. The burden of proof is on the person seeking to enforce such agreement to show that they did intend to be bound. This presumption is of the utmost importance, especially because there will, in most cases, have been no witnesses to the agreement besides the parties themselves. And it produces some striking results.

Agreement between Husband and Wife

In *Balfour v. Balfour*, decided in 1919, the plaintiff and defendant were wife and husband. The husband had a post as a civil engineer in Ceylon. In 1915 he and his wife came to this country to spend his leave. They remained here till 1916, when the husband's leave was ended and he had to return. His wife, however, had to stay in England on doctor's advice and, according to the evidence, she met her husband in a friendly way before he left for Ceylon and they discussed what would be necessary for her support while she was delayed in England. He said that he would pay her certain monthly sums. There was, however, no evidence of an express bargain by the wife that she would treat these payments as being in satisfaction of her husband's obligation to maintain her. At a later date, matrimonial troubles arose between them and the wife obtained a *decree nisi* for divorce. She then sued for payment under the agreement.

The Court of Appeal, unanimously overruling the decision of the High Court, held that the agreement was not binding on the husband. Lord Justice Atkin, as he then was, said in the course of his judgement:

One of the most usual forms of agreement which does not constitute a contract appears to me to be the arrangements which are made between husband and wife. It is quite common, and it is the natural and inevitable result of the relationship of husband and wife, that the two spouses should make arrangements between themselves—agreements such as are in dispute in this action—agreements for allowances by which the husband agrees that he will pay to his wife a certain sum of money, per week, or per month, or per year, to cover either her own expenses or the necessary expenses of the household and of the children of the marriage, and in which the wife promises either expressly or implicitly to apply the allowance for the purpose for which it is given. To my mind those agreements, or many of them, do not result in contracts at all, and they do not result in contracts even though there may be what as between other parties would constitute consideration for the agreement.

Another more recent illustration of the reluctance of the courts to enforce agreements between husband and wife is the case of *Hoddinott v. Hoddinott*, decided some seven years ago. In that case a wife had been in the habit of helping her husband to fill up the necessary coupons to enter for football pool competitions. The entries were sent off in the husband's name and were paid for out of savings, which the wife had made out of the housekeeping allowance provided by her husband. One of these coupons won a prize of £138. The husband duly received this money and paid it into his account, at the same time making arrangements so that his wife could draw on the account as well as himself. Most of the money was, in fact, used to pay off a hire-purchase debt on some furniture in the home. Some time later the husband and wife separated and the Court of Appeal had to decide as to the ownership of the furniture.

Lord Justice Cohen spoke of the temptation in such a case to deliver what he called a 'Solomon's judgement' and thus to hold that the furniture belonged to the two parties equally. He and Lord Justice Bucknill, however, who constituted a majority of the court, resisted this temptation and came to the conclusion that the wife had no claim to any part of the furniture. To put it briefly, the grounds of their decision were as follows:

First, they referred to a well-established rule that, where a husband hands over housekeeping money to his wife, the law presumes that she is her husband's agent in the spending of it. If, therefore, she manages to save any part of the money, the balance belongs to the husband. This presumption can be rebutted by evidence that the husband intended to make an absolute gift to his wife of savings from the housekeeping money, but such evidence has to be clear and decisive. To this extent Lord Justice Denning, the other member of the court, who dissented from the main decision, agreed with his brother Judges. This rule in regard to housekeeping money is criticised by many and not all of one sex. In passing, it may be pointed out to its critics that it has some basis in common sense. For, while in many cases savings from housekeeping moneys are the fruits of skilled housekeeping, in others they result from economising at the expense of the standards of living of the husband and other members of the family.

Secondly, the majority of the court in *Hoddinott v. Hoddinott* based

their judgement on the presumption that, where husband and wife enter into a casual informal agreement, then *prima facie* they do not intend to bind themselves at law. In their view there was not sufficient evidence in that case that the husband or wife intended legally to bind themselves to share their winnings. They therefore decided in favour of the husband. This case well illustrates the unwillingness of the courts in recent cases to enforce these casual agreements between husband and wife that form such a large part of so many persons' lives.

Great weight must be attached to a point forcibly made by Lord Justice Duke in his judgement in *Balfour v. Balfour*, the case already mentioned in which the husband agreed to make an allowance to his wife before going abroad. He said:

The proposition that the mutual promises made in the ordinary domestic relationship of husband and wife of necessity give cause for action on a contract seems to me to go to the very root of the relationship and to be a possible fruitful source of dissension and quarrelling. I cannot see that any benefit would result from it to either of the parties, but on the other hand it would lead to unlimited litigation in a relationship which should be obviously as far as possible protected from possibilities of that kind.

Furthermore, an additional argument may be put forward in support of cases where the courts have refused to enforce family agreements to share the winnings from football pools and other competitions. The majority of such competitions amount in law to wagering contracts. The courts, it might be said, should be slow to enforce agreements to share the winnings from wagers, when they will not enforce wagering contracts themselves.

Against these two arguments it must be recognised that football pools and similar competitions are, whether we like them or not, important features of our national life and large sums are sometimes at stake. Might it not prove disruptive of the family if parties, knowing that their agreements to share the winnings were unlikely to be enforced by the courts, regarded themselves as free to break them? Furthermore, is there sufficient justification for the courts' general presumption that husband and wife or close relatives, when making casual agreements in regard to their winnings or otherwise, do not intend themselves to be legally bound?

Many must sympathise with the views expressed by Lord Justice Denning in his dissenting judgement in *Hoddinott v. Hoddinott*. Where housekeeping money, he said, is invested in the joint names of husband and wife or furniture is bought with it, which is obviously intended as a continuing provision in the future for them both, it should be presumed to have belonged to them jointly. So, too, in regard to the winnings of Mr. and Mrs. Hoddinott. In Lord Justice Denning's words: 'Where money is spent in sending in entries for football pools, then if each makes his own separate effort, each takes his own winnings, but if they make a joint effort, I should have thought that the winnings belonged to them jointly'. His two brother Judges, however, disagreed with him and it seems clear that they would have been prepared to enforce an arrangement of this kind between husband and wife only if there was the clearest evidence of their intention to make a legally binding contract. Which is the more satisfactory of these conclusions, I leave you to decide.—*Third Programme*

The Shells

Each inlaid convoluted shell
In this grotto of love's delight
Reveals its own particular spell.

This, like our souls, is crimson, bright
With blood filched in the heart's quick dance
When you take fire from my fierce light.

That one suggests your petulance
Love-wearyed, and your pallid face
Reproachful of my teasing glance.

And here one imitates the grace
Of your curved ear; and one, I see,
Mimics your plump neck's rosy crease...

But one, in all the rest, disquiets me.

BRIAN HILL

—After Verlaine's 'Les Coquillages'

Family Portraits—II

The Dangers of Health

By ERASMUS DARWIN BARLOW

A HUNDRED years ago Charles Darwin was working at what he called his 'big book': three agonising years of labour which finally resulted in *The Origin of Species*. This he described as a small book—only 400 to 500 pages—an abstract of an abstract of the big book he had intended. But, whatever its defect in his own estimation, it was good enough to get his ideas about evolution across and understood. It was his most important book, and, as it turned out, also the most important book of the century.

For nineteen years he had collected information about species—their origins and variations—and had written two preliminary accounts of his theory of how evolution worked. Then, the next eight years he spent working on barnacles, apprehensive and unwilling to release his theory to the world. His friends, who had encouraged him all along, warned him that unless he published soon, someone else would arrive at the same conclusions, publish them, and his work would count for nothing. This is, of course, what would have happened, had not Wallace, before publishing his essay, sent it first to Darwin. Despite Darwin's willingness to grant him priority, the honours were finally divided and a joint paper read to the Linnaean Society in July 1858.

Darwin was too ill to attend the meeting—even the thought of having to face a large public gathering made him ill. He had been an invalid almost since returning from his five-year voyage round the world. He had moved with his family to Downe in Kent, and there led a very sheltered life—sheltered from the outside world, at least, though not from the inner world of his own mind.

He was already a distinguished scientist, before the publication of *The Origin of Species*, and the amount of work required to get the book ready was fantastic. Yet the work was the work of an invalid upset by the slightest exertion and forced to live to a rigid routine. What he called 'work' took up only two or three hours of his day. The rest of his time was occupied by his correspondence, experiments, and talk. Then there were his business affairs, and the hours, enormously important to him, that he spent with his ever-growing family and his dearly loved wife Emma. He left Downe less and less—eventually only to visit relatives and to try out new cures.

To posterity Darwin has seemed an enigma; the subject of continual speculation and controversy. How could someone who was an invalid for forty years have been capable of such industry? How could a man who challenged the authenticity of the Bible have been honoured by a public funeral in Westminster Abbey? To me, the answers lie not so much in the character of Charles himself as in the character of the Darwin family. When it is seen how Charles fits into his family, both his ill health and his genius cease to be quite such a puzzle. Charles, after all, had already been set a

high standard of achievement by his two grandfathers, Erasmus Darwin and Josiah Wedgwood.

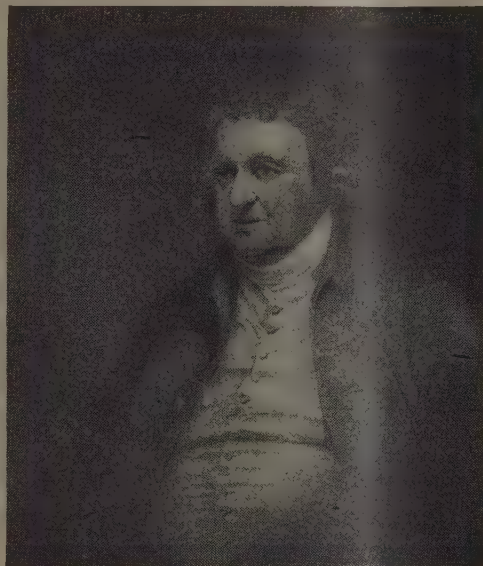
Erasmus was a fascinating man, but one of the most fascinating things about him was that he anticipated his grandson's theory of evolution by half a century. *Zoonomia* was published in 1794, twenty years before Lamarck's theory came out and over sixty years before the

publication of the *Origin*. *Zoonomia* was written in prose, unlike *The Botanic Garden*, his other main work, which was written in verse. His poetry, which is now embarrassing, was then lampooned. Unfortunately the criticism of him as a poet detracted from his reputation as an original thinker, certainly in the eyes of his grandson Charles, who wrote the most interesting account there is of Erasmus' life—wrote it not in defence of his scientific theories, but to defend the family name and correct the inaccuracies of another biographer of Erasmus, Anna Seward, a poetess whose early admiration later turned distinctly sour.

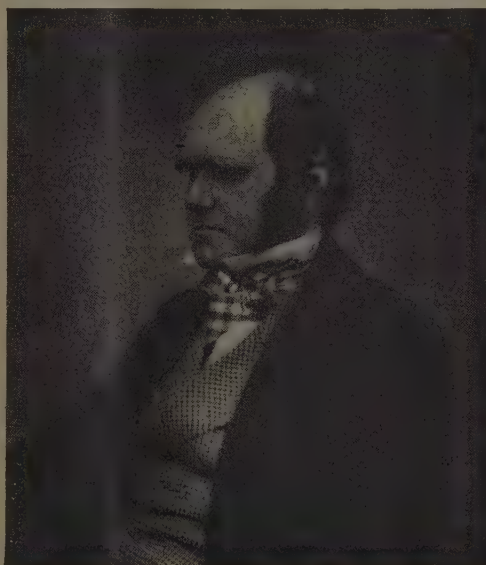
In this biography Charles acknowledged that Erasmus had postulated a theory of evolution in *Zoonomia*, but insisted (and rightly so) that theories were no good without an explanation of how they worked and the scientific evidence to back them up. All the same, one wonders how much of his own success depended on trains of thought started by his grandfather's books, and how much he himself was influenced by his grandfather. Erasmus was always observant and sceptical, and preferred to pursue his own line of thought rather than to follow the orthodox systems dictated by fashion. It was characteristic of him that he should arrive at his own theory about evolution and equally so that he, like his grandson, spent a long time hesitating whether or not to publish it.

Any theory of evolution was a heresy because it meant denying the literal truth of the first chapter of Genesis, which said that the world as man knew it had been specially created in the form in which man found it. If anyone questioned the scheme of things described in the Bible, or the authority of those who ordered its acceptance, he did so at his peril. By the end of the eighteenth century plenty of people were questioning authority. There was a good deal of tolerance of unorthodox thinking and of unorthodox behaviour.

Erasmus had grown up in a world that gave a good deal of licence to loose living. The general air of tolerance allowed him to express his opinions and question authority on his own account. Even while still at school, he was evidently inclined to be sceptical about the matter of abstinence during Lent, and he did not hesitate to accept the argument that 'since the Gadarene swine had been driven into the sea, pork was no longer flesh but had become fish', and so could be eaten freely at this time. He became a physician and started to practise in Lichfield, after failing to find any patients in Nottingham. Once



Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802)



Charles Darwin (1809-1882), grandson of Erasmus

started, he soon became successful, and his reputation as a good doctor was always high. Although he used the accepted treatments of his day, he was aware of their limitations. Almost the only effective methods were purging, vomiting, and bleeding, and of course they were (and still are) effective only when applied for the appropriate conditions. He seems to have shown more restraint than most. He did not always make the cure worse than the disease—probably an important factor in making him popular. In particular, he was so averse to the brutal way in which the insane were treated in most asylums of the time that he did all he could to persuade relatives to keep them at home.

But medicine was only one of his interests. Another was botany, and much of his writing was about plants. He made gardens wherever he went, including a public one for the people of Lichfield. (Dr. Johnson probably did not approve of the garden any more than he did of Erasmus.) There was a strong experimental urge within him, and he once said that 'a man was a fool, who never tried an experiment in his life'. His own covered a very wide range, including mechanical inventions, an attempt to immunise his children against measles, and female education. He was twice married, but between marriages there is a gap fortunately filled by footnotes, a great improvement on asterisks, even if they tell the same story. He belonged to an age when moral standards were in abeyance, and the arrival of two illegitimate daughters was not particularly scandalous. He wrote a treatise advocating an extremely emancipated method of bringing up females, and he gave these two natural daughters a good education, started a school for them to run, and sent his own second family of legitimate children as pupils.

The Cut Out Dining-table

He was an unprepossessing man to look at, judging from the engraving that so often meets one on the walls of Darwin homes. He was huge, with a sort of loose overflowing bulkiness—so huge that he had a segment cut out of his dining-table to accommodate his great paunch. His grandson Charles was also over six feet high but he was as thin as his grandfather was fat. Though Charles became far more famous than his grandfather, and his scientific work was far more enduring, the qualities needed for Charles' genius first appeared in Erasmus. Charles is the most outstanding of the Darwins but he has his prototype—or should I say archetype?—in his grandfather. Erasmus anticipated far more than just the theory of evolution.

But though Erasmus and Charles had much in common mentally, in other ways they differed enormously. Erasmus lived the life of a busy doctor, always meeting new people. Charles lived the life of a recluse, prepared to go to any length to avoid social contact. The reason for this in Charles' estimation was, of course, his ill-health. Undoubtedly he was a hypochondriac, but his sufferings were genuine. His symptoms, judging by his own description of them, are typical of those of a depressive. But his hypochondria, his symptoms, in fact the whole over-debated question of his ill-health, can be explained when related to his family setting. The interest in his grandfather which comes out so clearly in the biography was typical of the family's self-absorption, but the interest did not stop at his grandfather. The biography also describes other Darwins: his uncle, for instance, second son of old Erasmus, who was a lawyer in Derby who collected coins and genealogies. He even completed a house-to-house count of the inhabitants of Lichfield, which later agreed with the official census. This uncle committed suicide when he was forty by drowning himself—his life reading like a clinical history of a severe melancholia.

Then there was Charles' father, Robert. He also was gifted and became an extremely successful physician in Shrewsbury. Today his distinction seems dwarfed beside those of his father and son, but there was no possibility of his appearing small to his contemporaries. He, too, was over six feet tall, weighed twenty-four stone, and, says Charles, grew much heavier before he died. For Charles, whose respect for him bordered on fear, he was boss, the Guv'nor. He always remembered how, when he was sixteen, his father had rebuked him 'for caring for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat catching', following this with the famous reproof: 'You will be a disgrace to yourself and to your family'. Charles was very fond of his father—a good doctor who held that sickness was better treated with kindness than cruelty. He was particularly good with hysterical women: he just let them cry. But, despite many excellent qualities, for Charles he represented the sort of terrifying authority that sent him panic-stricken into his shell.

There is not really sufficient evidence for a firm diagnosis of what was wrong with Charles. The fear of his father is just one illustration of his fear of authority in general. Medically this would be termed

'a phobic anxiety state'. His recurrent attacks of giddiness and vomiting were part of it. This, then, was his illness. But why should a man strong enough to spend five years sailing round the world, strong enough on one expedition to be the only man in the party able to go in search of water, become for no apparent reason a chronic invalid? Of the many possible answers to this question, certain stand out. First, Darwin was born into a family that was liable to melancholia; and both Charles and his brother inherited this liability. Then there was his work: in effect, it was a defiance of authority. Authority, in the person of his father, he had found frightening. The authority defied by natural selection was infinitely more frightening. To keep up his defiance for twenty years until he finished his work accentuated his illness.

There is a saying—'talent can, genius must'. Charles' brother, with all his charm and intelligence, frittered away his life as a dilettante. He had talent. But Charles had genius. He believed in the truth of his ideas, and no matter what his defiance cost him he was compelled to go on with his work, to justify his belief to all comers. Unfortunately, the one person who made his defiance most difficult was his wife. He loved Emma more than anything in the world. He also considered that the highest form of human pleasure was to gain the approbation of those with whom one lives. Emma was deeply religious and her religion made it impossible for her to approve of Charles' work. She never wavered in her allegiance to her husband or her religion, and devoted her life to giving him the attention and the protection he needed. But the inner antagonism, the conflict, remained throughout their long, fruitful, and happy marriage.

But then a talent for successful marriages is one of the family characteristics. Of the others, there was a propensity to gout, a fondness for the Christian name of Erasmus, and what most people connect with the name of Darwin—an aptitude for science and literature. Three of Charles Darwin's sons were knighted, although their knighthoods have unjustifiably been termed posthumous honours for their father. Of his grandchildren, eight are still flourishing, and their own brilliant and individual careers speak for themselves. Charles himself had been set a high standard of achievement by his grandfathers. For his children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, the standard was much higher still. As one of twenty-five great-grandchildren, I can say this from personal experience.

How did this standard arise? How did the name of Darwin come to be associated with an aptitude for science and literature?—what people like to call their hereditary characteristic. The other characteristics—marital felicity, gout, and the name of Erasmus—can be traced back over three centuries. But the first generation to show something beyond ordinary professional ability was that of Charles' grandfather Erasmus. All earlier Darwins look as though they were more concerned with filling their bellies than satisfying their minds; all later ones as though more concerned with their minds than their bodies, though these remained important. The Darwins seem, therefore, to have acquired their famous characteristic only with Erasmus and the generations that succeeded him.

'A Wife that Talketh Latine'

What, I have often wondered, was there about the father of Erasmus Darwin that he should be the progenitor of men and women so unlike himself? He was a barrister who married a lady named Elizabeth Hill, and then retired to the life of a country squire. His portrait was painted by Richardson in 1717. Robert Darwin was then thirty-five, unmarried, a plump, smooth, comfortable, contented-looking man, with full lips and a small nose. After he was married, he composed a litany:

From a morning that doth shine
From a boy that drinketh wine
From a wife that talketh Latine
Good Lord deliver us.

So I suspect that with his marriage his contentment disappeared, his passion for temperance proving a poor substitute. Robert was not an exceptional man, nor as far as I can discover were his predecessors. It is reassuring to think that there were Darwins who possessed no unusual aptitudes.

There remains his mother, Elizabeth Hill, 'the wife that talketh Latine', to her husband's discomfort: a learned lady whose portrait shows a face full of character. Her qualities were obviously striking enough for her husband to think he had grounds for complaint. Hers was perhaps the exception to the normal run of happy marriages but it looks as if it was she who brought the brains into the family. She may be accountable for Erasmus, and for Charles' father, Robert. But

Charles's mother was a Wedgwood, and the Wedgwood family have been endowed with their own genius. Is it ever possible to prove the factors determining heredity? For instance, the first wife of Erasmus could trace her descent back to Pepin the Fat and Charlemagne. Perhaps it was a much diluted drop of royal blood that prompted Charles to write the *Origin*.

One thing I am certain about. Charles was lucky to have lived and worked when he did, and to have escaped modern diagnosis and treat-

ment: especially treatment. Today he would have been given some new tranquilliser. Who knows what this would have done? Who knows what we are doing to people with all our thousands of pills and prescriptions? As it was, despite nearly a lifetime of illness, Charles died at seventy-two, a great man. Once when at Malvern taking the cure he noticed Quetelet's quotation: 'No one knows in disease the simple result of nothing being done as a standard by which to judge the effects of treatment'.—*Home Service*

St. Peter's Denial of Christ

By BERTRAM HENSON

THE customary view is that in denying his association with Jesus, Peter was guilty of disloyalty. This view I believe to be wrong. Two distinct causes are customarily invoked to explain this disloyalty, and sometimes they are combined, not very consistently. One is that Peter was a coward who feared for his skin, and the other is that the impending crucifixion had deprived Peter, at least for the time being, and in company with his fellow-disciples, of his faith. Both explanations are contradicted by the recorded facts.

At Caesarea Philippi Jesus had tested the disciples about the rumours that had spread beyond the circle of the Twelve that he was the expected Messiah or Christ. He asked them who *they* thought he was; and Peter promptly answered: 'Thou art the Christ'. Then Jesus, after commending Peter's discernment, said something strange and arresting—something which ought specially to arrest our attention in connection with this later episode in the vestibule of the court; for he said: 'Tell no man that I am the Christ'.

This was not the only time he said these words, or words like them. When he healed the leper, cast out the devil, rebuked the evil spirits who cried out to him 'What have we to do with thee, thou Son of God', when he raised the dead child, when he came down from the Transfiguration, when he did anything messianic, anything which might be claimed as a sign to demonstrate his Christhood beyond reasonable doubt, he said: 'Tell no man'.

Why? The first and obvious reason was the matter of public relations. Messianism, the sickness of oppressed peoples, was endemic in Palestine. The Romans were familiar with it; and it was at least partly to blame for anti-semitism which deepened into war. Caiaphas and the governors of the Jewish community were aware of its dangers; and of course Jesus was too. When he was still a boy at Nazareth a revolt of unemployed Galilean youths had ended in many crucifixions. He may have seen some of them. There were fanatic sects, as there always have been, capable not only of enduring martyrdom themselves but of inflicting it on their countrymen. Nowhere else in the whole empire of Tiberius was religion so dangerously confounded with political and economic unrest. The five thousand wanted bread; they also wanted a Messiah. They expected the Messiah to turn stones into bread, to master the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and to demonstrate his title by signs from Heaven.

The common sense of Jesus the Nazarene, apart altogether from his

peculiar and profound insight, made it clear enough to him that this was not his function. Power-economics, power-politics, and power-religion were not the attributes of any Christhood he professed. In these circumstances only one course was open to Jesus—and it was the only one open to St. Peter—if a grave situation of public unrest was to be prevented which most certainly would have imperilled the lives of the people and, indeed, the tenuous toleration of Jewish worship at the hands of the occupying power. We know the answer that Jesus himself

chose to give to Caiaphas' question and later to Pilate, concerning his alleged claim to be Messiah—which claim, be it noted, was not an offence in Jewish law but only in the eyes of Rome—an evasive answer, made deliberately to sound as though the prisoner dared not press a preposterous claim. After that there was indeed 'no need of further witnesses'. It was expedient that one man should die for the people. On the evidence before them, the court came to the only decision open to them: that before them stood an impostor, a crazed simpleton, inspired by Beelzebub to affright the people and to threaten the remnant of the sons of Abraham with extinction. No wonder the High Priest rent his robe! Thus



'St. Peter Denying Christ', by Gerard Honthorst (1592-1660)

did Jesus allow the Scripture to be fulfilled that the despised and rejected should be 'numbered among the transgressors' as a traitor and a scamp. Had Peter gone into court the only evidence he could have given without perjury was the faith he had uttered at Caesarea Philippi. But this was forbidden. All he could say, he said: 'I know not the man'.

The danger was not merely political. Perhaps the greatest achievement (if we may call it such) of Jewish history was its rejection of idols, its iconoclasm: 'Thou shalt not make unto thyself the likeness of any form that is in the Heaven above or in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth'.

On the other hand, it is the perennial vice of sincere religion to devise an image, a system of concepts to be defined and defended. One thing we want of the Christ above all is that he should be convincing in just this way. Many Christians prefer christology to Christianity.

But the image and the concept can become shields to protect us from God—to project Him out into the depths of the universe and keep Him there. 'Beware', said Shaw, 'of the man whose God is in the skies'. So said Christ, in other language, throughout his teaching. In company with the prophets of old he constantly feared for religion, constantly feared that it would degenerate into precisely what Nietzsche,

Marx, and Freud said it only was: 'dope, false comfort for the weak, a weapon for the strong. And the vision of an earthly paradise for the faithful, for the long-ago dead as well as for the living, projected into the remotest imaginable future, was ideally suitable to the comfortably circumstanced for providing all that most of us want from religion: the assurance that all is right with the world and that those imperfect aspects of it we secretly enjoy the most will at least last our time.

Jesus had other plans; and from that time began to show his disciples that he was not going to fulfil the ancient conception of Messiah—he was not going to establish universal justice and emancipate his people, at least in the ways expected, but 'to suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes and be killed'. And Peter began to rebuke him, saying: 'This shall not be unto thee'. But Jesus turned and said unto Peter: 'Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art a stumbling block unto me; for thou mindest not the things of God, but the things of men'.

A Remembered Rebuke

Are we to suppose that when Peter confronted the strangers in the ante-room of the court, he had forgotten this rebuke? I do not believe it. 'Tell no man of these things' had been said too often to be forgotten. To tell the elders that this was Christ indeed was precisely what he wanted to do. Not to do so must have gone agonisingly against the grain. Yet to tell them this, as he understood the truth of it, would have meant telling them that this Messiah was not the prophetic dream fulfilled, but the fearsome confounding reality: that he was to offer men not the comforts they sought but a Cross—a larger, fuller life, yes, but a yoke which only in the end would be found easy, because its discipline was that of the highest of all the arts, love. Yet if Peter hardly grasped it, what of Caiaphas, and Pilate, and his superiors at Rome? 'What I have written, I have written,' said Pilate. This was the King of the Jews. That he only said he was, or was king in a different sense—all that was idle subtlety. Rome had neither patience, time, nor the ears to suffer it. Peter's speech for the defence would have availed nothing. He would have opportunity in good time to explain his master to the world. But not now—not yet.

It was certainly not fear for his skin that made him answer as he did. He who at the arrest in the garden had struck off the ear of the high priest's servant with a sword was no coward. He who had said, 'Lord, I will go with thee to prison and to death' was no idle boaster. He lived to do both those things. Nor was it apostasy, or disillusion in his faith, nor even a momentary wavering of it. It was loyalty to the strictest injunction he had ever received, memory of the sternest rebuke any believer could endure.

Peter was at fault. He should never have gone near the court to endanger the whole divine plan. But it was love for his dearest friend that took him there—the wish to be with him to the end, even, if he could, to take his place. Imagine his feelings when that woman approached him with the question, 'Wast thou not with him?' Immediately faith and human feeling were in unbearable conflict. Faith told him to deny his discipleship while love for the Master tore his heart with the desire to shout from the housetops what he believed to be the truth about him. Peter had to pay bitterly at that moment for his devotion. To miss that fact is to miss the tragic irony of the situation. Only now he understood the meaning of the warning at supper: the redeeming Lord must go alone to the Cross, abandoned by all, even his nearest and dearest. Even on Peter was the final responsibility for abandoning him; he had to 'give him up'; for that is the meaning of the Greek verb used by the Evangelist to tell us what Peter found himself compelled to do. If he had been puzzled until now, he was now illumined. He saw the meaning of the Passion. He was the first among men to see it in all its woe. He went out and wept bitterly. For remorse? The Evangelists do not say so. The idea that Peter wept for remorse has no express warrant in the Scripture—it is our imposition upon the text of our own misunderstanding. Peter wept as all Christians must who contemplate that dark hour, before the third morning breaks; and we should weep with him, sharing his reasons for doing so, not sigh in condemnation of an imaginary treachery.

The case against Peter with regard to his alleged loss of faith must rest on proof that he disregarded that rebuke about minding the things of men, and did not believe what Jesus told him—did not believe one whose every word till then had been golden truth in his ears. And this, remember, all happened before they took that last journey to Jerusalem. Why did this disillusioned pupil go up to Jerusalem at all? For if he disbelieved what Jesus had told him—not merely of the imminence but of the sacramental necessity of his sacrifice—he must

have been already disillusioned, and to have lost his faith, and not merely to have been confused and perplexed. For not to understand the paradox of the Cross is not the same as failing to believe that Jesus understood it, and understood it better than his pupils.

Why did they all attend the Last Supper and receive the first communion? Were the Twelve the only Christians in history who did not know it was the Last Supper, nor what it was all about? I find it extremely difficult to believe that within an hour of that solemn meal, with all its atmosphere of sorrow and leave-taking, and of ceremonial in the words 'This wine is my blood shed for the remission of sins', the arrest in the Garden was a shock to their faith which put Peter and all the rest of them into panic and despair.

Yes, 'they all forsook him and fled'. Peter had denied him. *Their* Messiah had fallen. 'Tell no man that I am the Christ'. The identity of the Son of Man with the Son of God was a mystery not to be made known to flesh and blood save in the victory of the Resurrection. That was the Gospel Jesus had come to declare: the good tidings of salvation through the shedding of his own blood. The preaching in Galilee had been only a preparation for this, the real Gospel. The Gospel itself was not something which Jesus had come to preach but to *be* and to *do*; and until the Crucifixion and the Resurrection had become completed facts of history, and the risen Lord had appeared to the disciples to give them their final instructions, the time was not ripe for lifting that ban of silence, in the words 'Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel'—the Gospel of the Resurrection—'to every creature'.

As an agnostic I am not able to find an intelligible place for a physical resurrection in this scheme; though I can understand the preoccupation of St. Paul with it, because as a Jew he awaited a general resurrection of the dead and regarded Christ as 'the first fruits of them that slept'. What holds my attention as possessing supreme value for an understanding of Christian theism is the Crucifixion, for if by God we mean Him who gave us not only life but freedom—freedom to accept or reject him, freedom to obey or defy, adore or revile—and is Himself steadfast to that promise to the very end of the human experiment, then that stricken figure on the Cross is a glimpse into the very heart of God and the infinite majesty of his omnipotent power.

No wonder Peter received that glimpse as a dagger in the breast. The gates which Israel had built in her heart to welcome the King of Glory were not high enough. He did not deign to stoop, but shattered them. He tore away the garments of the old Messiah and threw down the titles. His crown was thorns, his vesture nakedness. One truth he left untouched in the old vision. The Suffering Servant of Isaiah, the despised and rejected, *was*, after all, Israel—was for today *us*. He took upon himself our tribulation and revealed us to ourselves—no title but his humanity, no authority but his steadfastness, no defence but his integrity.

Awakening from a Dream

It is a law of the Divine Providence that all our cherished hopes and dreams shall wither in their season, just because eye hath not seen, ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath in store for those who love him. So Christ consigned to flames the dead image of Messiah. This must have added salt to Peter's tears; for now he mourned not only a friend; he mourned a vision—a vision which had sustained him all his life, and the realisation of which he thought he had found. He had been awakened from a dream. That, at any rate for me, is the authentic moment of the Christian Revelation—when the veil of the Temple was rent in twain. *Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

Simon Peter at supper had asked him: 'Lord, whither goest thou?' Jesus answered, 'Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow afterwards'. Peter said unto him: 'Why, cannot I follow thee even now? I will lay down my life for thee'. Jesus answereth: 'Wilt thou lay down thy life for me? Verily, I say unto thee, the cock shall not crow till thou has denied me thrice. Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me'.

That was all that mattered. In those words the unaided personal pronoun had taken to itself its full sovereign significance. And since then not even the force of such human evil as we have witnessed has been able to avoid or disturb its title. And what is bold to a point of scandal in the Christian belief is not that it invites credence in signs and wonders and disturbances of nature but in the audacity of the conviction that You and I and He hold within the grasp of our communion together all the creative purpose and power of the universe.—*Third Programme*

Letters to Beginners—IV

Letter to a Young Scientist

By O. R. FRISCH

MY dear John,
 So you have made up your mind to be a scientist, and I am glad to hear it, I think science is a great and glorious enterprise, and one which has only just begun. What are 300 years in the history of mankind? And it is only 300 years since Newton and his contemporaries laid the first foundations of what has now become an impressive building, though it is far from finished. We are very busy adding to the building, and any further help from architects, carpenters, and bricklayers will be welcome.

'A Tidy Mind and a Good Observer'

You write you have a tidy mind and are a good observer. If that is all, my dear John, you will not be more than a bricklayer. You will not be working at the skyline where the frame of science is growing, in shapes that even the boldest minds cannot foresee. You will be engaged in filling in the bricks, the observations which fit the frame and thereby give it strength. Or perhaps, with luck, you may find yourself laying the little row of bricks that does not fit and on which the next great pillar is to rise, and you may be remembered as the humble workman who laid those bricks.

You certainly have to be a good observer: one who sees what there is and not what he thinks there ought to be; who is willing to accept an observation even if it kills his pet theory. But to draw the right conclusions from your observations requires more than a tidy mind. Scientific truth is not to be gained by observations and logic alone; it is not like a precious mineral which will fall into your hands if you sift away the earth that hides it. Scientific truth has to be created: it is a creation of the human mind.

Does that shock you? Did you think scientific truth was, as it were, engraved on the face of Nature, waiting to be deciphered? That picture indeed used to dominate our attitude to science and, to some extent, still does. And yet, if only scientists paid more attention to the history of their endeavours, they would realise how little basis there is for such a belief. Until 500 years ago it was accepted as true that the stars and the sun and the planets circled round the earth. Then Copernicus came and placed the sun, instead of the earth, at the centre of the universe. Was he right? Had he discovered the real meaning of the writing? Most scientists would say he had. But many of Copernicus' contemporaries would merely concede that he had found a better description of the movement of stars and planets, a more convenient way to talk about them; and I think they were right. Copernicus did not derive his viewpoint—his theory—by logic; he invented several new theories until one of them turned out to be better than the old one. The old view—that the earth is the hub of the world—was not disproved and indeed cannot be disproved: it is a view not so much wrong but wrongheaded, a view that involves you in a great deal of complex and awkward mathematics and a great deal of needless argument with your colleagues.

Argument with your colleagues: that is an important point. Science is a collective enterprise, and communication is its life-blood. Anybody who speaks about its problems in terms different from those of his colleagues will cause confusion and interrupt the work; or—more usually—nobody will listen to him. For that reason we are sometimes accused of keeping a closed shop to which outsiders are not admitted. That is not so; but outsiders—as well as insiders—who talk an unfamiliar language are unwelcome and find it difficult to get a hearing.

Don't think, my dear John, that I am preaching a doctrine of meek conformity, of bowing to accepted doctrines. In science, all doctrine is temporary and ever subject to revision. For all I know, you may be destined to overthrow one of our currently accepted theories. If you think you have a better one you will of course want to tell us, and indeed that will be your duty. But remember: it will be your task to convince us. Your arguments will have to be clear and persuasive, otherwise we shall not listen. A scientist has so much to read that he will be most reluctant to study an unfamiliar idea, set down in a clumsy and unconvincing style. So here is a bit of advice: drink often

and deeply from the fountains of great literature; study the masters of language and try to write as clearly and persuasively as they do. Good writing does not come easy to everybody; but try your best.

So, to repeat it, what science gives you is the best knowledge that the present has to offer, always subject to revision in the future. If that is a shock to you, be prepared for another one when you come to atomic physics. There you will find that the so-called quantum theory is a marriage between two incompatible partners, the particle and the wave. You will ask for the bread of visual description and be given some stony mathematics; you will ask for certainty and all you will get is probability. You may come to doubt that this is really knowledge and not just a veiled confession of ignorance; or if it is knowledge, whether it is worth having. You may come to feel that the ancient books of religious revelation are sources of a more satisfactory knowledge.

But reliance on traditional doctrine or on revelation is against the very spirit of science. The most fundamental requirement in a scientist is a conviction that any one of his beliefs may one day have to be discarded. The development of relativity theory and of quantum theory has forced us to give up some ideas which previously seemed not merely true but obvious. Yet even that is not a loss but a gain of knowledge. If you become a scientist, my dear John, you join a unique and world-wide organisation for the improvement of knowledge, and one which, on the whole, has been remarkably successful; but you will never get knowledge that is certain and ultimate.

I have assumed—without good reason—that your aim in science is the same as mine, namely, to push back the limits of the unknown. But perhaps you want to be an exploiter rather than an explorer; perhaps you want to do rather than to know. In that case you can forget all I have just told you. As a guide to action, science is reliable and to the point. When you are designing a television tube, you do not worry whether the electrons you employ are particles or waves; and if quantum theory enters into your work you will find that the mathematics give you the answers you want. If the mathematics get too complicated you can usually take a short cut by doing some measurements; or you can measure directly all you want and ignore the mathematics altogether. You will not have to balance precariously on the pinnacles of science reaching out into the unknown; you will be living on the lower floors, where you can move about in many directions at ease and in safety.

Applied Science

And there is a great deal to be done in applied science. When X-rays were discovered, the enquiry into their nature gave work to dozens of scientists, but their exploitation created work for hundreds, or thousands, and this exploitation reached far beyond the field of atomic physics, to which X-rays belong. Medicine and engineering both benefited from it, and even the art critic and the historian use X-rays to examine old paintings and documents. When radio-isotopes of common elements were discovered twenty-two years ago, their application was at first severely limited by the small amounts available. That limitation disappeared with the coming of atomic piles; radio-isotopes can now be made in vastly greater amounts, and new uses for them are found almost daily. They have enormously helped our understanding of living organisms by allowing us to trace chemical processes which formerly would have been thought untraceable; they are used in operating oil pipe-lines, in finding leaks in water mains, in measuring the thickness of steel sheet and of tissue paper, and in preventing electric sparks. These are all applications of physics; a biologist might give you equally impressive examples of applied biology.

If that is where your interest lies, keep your knowledge broad. I do not know if neutrons are likely to become useful in cattle breeding; but such a use will be discovered—if ever it is—by one who knows something about both neutrons and cattle, or anyway about physics and biology. The highly specialised scientist, the one who learns more and

(continued on page 272)

NEWS DIARY

August 15-21

Wednesday, August 15

The Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary have informal talks with leading delegates to Suez conference

Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions to make an immediate claim for a substantial wage increase

Great Britain's athletics team for the Olympic Games in Melbourne announced

Death of Bertold Brecht, German dramatist

Thursday, August 16

International conference on Suez opens in London. Mr. Dulles puts forward western four-point plan for future of the Canal

Leaflets found in Cyprus containing orders from Eoka leader for suspension of terrorist activities

Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions passes four-point plan for protection of jobs and wages in face of automation

Committee of Public Accounts criticises present method of financing the B.B.C.

Democratic Convention in Chicago unanimously nominates Mr. Adlai Stevenson as its candidate for the Presidential election (see page 257)

Friday, August 17

At London conference on Suez, Mr. Shepilov, Soviet Foreign Minister, supports President Nasser's proposal for a wider conference

The Senior Bishop in Cyprus calls on British Government to free Archbishop Makarios

Supreme Court of Federal Germany declares Communist Party unconstitutional

Saturday, August 18

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, British Foreign Secretary, rejects Mr. Shepilov's proposal for wider talks on Suez

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh end tour of Western Isles

Sunday, August 19

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attend opening of tenth Edinburgh Festival

England's team for the final Test match announced

Monday, August 20

At Suez conference United States and India both submit plans for control of Canal
Republican Party Convention opens at San Francisco

Tuesday, August 21

At Suez conference Mr. Dulles accepts amendments to American plan

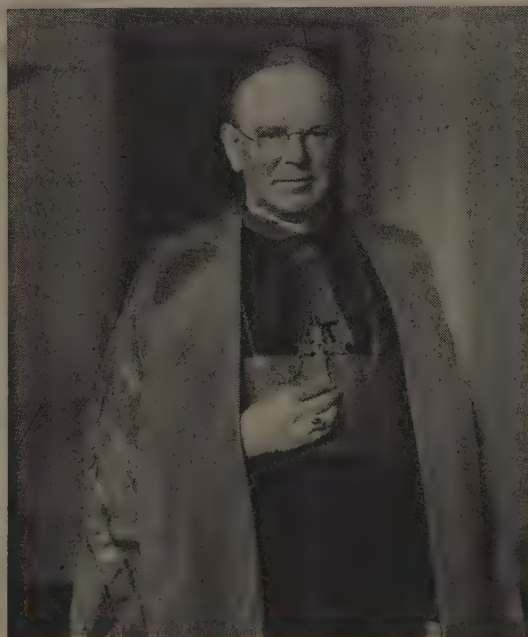
Raft on which three men drifted across the Atlantic is towed into Falmouth harbour



A group of Cypriots in Nicosia reading one of the leaflets, distributed in all the main towns of the island on August 16, in which the leader of Eoka said that he had ordered the suspension of terrorist activities and was 'awaiting full corresponding action on the part of England to enable the fulfilment of Greek Cypriot claims as they have been expressed' by Archbishop Makarios



A general view of the scene at the open House, London, on August 16. Sir Anthony Eden is seated at the head of the table, surrounded by other delegates. Seated round the table are the United Kingdom, Australia, Ceylon, Denmark, Indonesia, Persia, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands



Cardinal Bernard Griffin, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, who died on August 20, aged fifty-seven. Ordained in 1924, he was for several years secretary to the Archbishop of Birmingham. On the death of Cardinal Hinsley in 1943, Dr. Griffin was translated to Westminster as his successor, and three years later was elevated to the Sacred College of Cardinals as the youngest member. In 1950 he presided, as Papal Legate, over the celebrations for the centenary of the restoration of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England and Wales. Many tributes have been paid to the energy and courage with which he fulfilled the heavy responsibilities of his office in spite of persistent ill-health



A bust of James Keir Hardie, founder of the Labour Party and first chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, the centenary of whose birth occurred on August 15. A replica of this bust, which is by Mr. Benno Schotz, and stands in the village of Cumnock, Ayrshire (Hardie's birthplace) has been accepted by the House of Commons Arts Advisory Committee. It will be placed in the precincts of the House



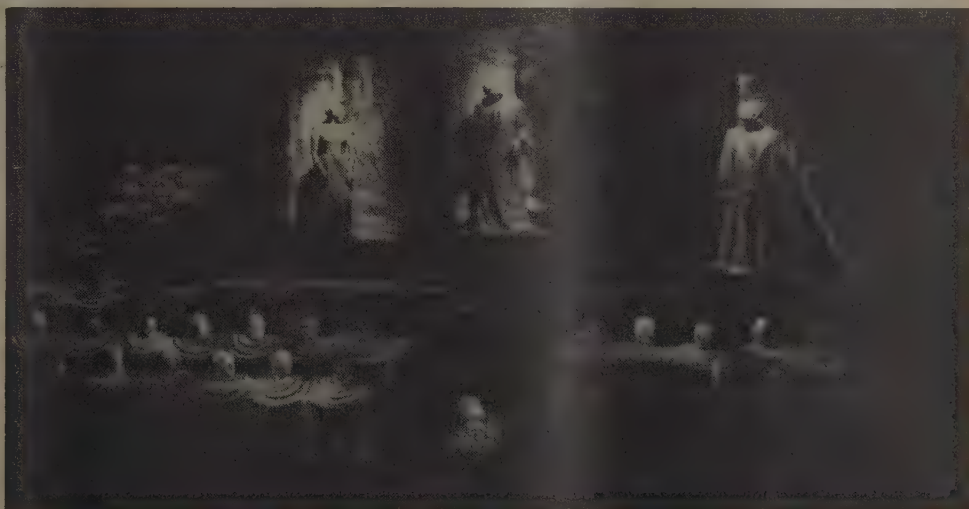
Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret who celebrated her twenty-sixth birthday on August 21: a new photograph taken by Cecil Beaton at Clarence House

national conference on Suez at Lancaster
making his address of welcome to the
Turkey, the United States, Russia, the United
Federal Republic of Germany, India, Indo-
d, Norway, Pakistan, Portugal, Spain, and



the Queen Mother looking at an exhibition
Fishermen's Association, held at Mussel-
School which she visited after receiving
the Midlothian town on August 14. The
and her sister, Lady Elphinstone, who was
the first women to receive this honour

man keeping watch on the river Mersey at
eshire, where last weekend the water over-
on to the golf course. Heavy rain caused
many places, especially in North Wales



A scene from Stravinsky's opera 'Oedipus Rex' which is being performed by the Hamburg State Opera Company at the Edinburgh Festival. Sophocles' drama is also being performed at the Festival by the Stratford, Ontario, Festival Company



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more about less and less until he knows everything about nothing, is of little use in applied research. Sometimes a scientist discovers a gold-mine which he can go on exploiting for years, becoming highly specialised; but gold-mines are usually discovered by people who travel widely and with their eyes wide open. Even if you pursue pure knowledge you will occasionally need techniques taken from other parts of science, which you may overlook if you are too specialised. So here is another piece of general advice: do not specialise too early; keep your eyes open.

There is a good deal more detailed advice I might give you, but that can wait until you have chosen your subject and are starting your studies in earnest. But there is one more thing I would like to say now. You will probably meet people who will try to dissuade you from becoming a scientist. They will point out the evils which have followed in the wake of science; the landscape torn and blackened by the growth of industry; the unemployment that automation is about to create; and, worst of all, atomic warfare. Would you know how to answer them? There is, of course, a lot you can say. You can remind them that the growth of industry has allowed this country to support a population three times greater than 200 years ago, and that it has given these people much wider opportunities for travel, education, and enjoyment. Unemployment does tend to follow every major technological advance,

but has so far always been temporary; after a period of readjustment—with no doubt a great deal of hardship—people will live better and their work will be less tedious than before. And the hydrogen bomb may yet succeed where all the wise men have failed: in persuading humanity to submit quarrels to arbitration rather than to the ordeal by slaughter and destruction. I think if the balance sheet is drawn up fairly, science has brought us more good than bad.

And don't let them blame you for all that is bad. Scientists produce the tools but do not and cannot control their use. What they can and should do is to explain their use; to tell those in charge—and in a democracy that means everybody—of the dangers which misuse may bring. But the responsibility for using a weapon rests with the government and the generals; and as long as war is liable to occur there will be people who produce the tools of war. You may refuse to work on atomic weapons just as you may refuse to carry a rifle; but unless a great many others do the same it will do no good, apart from salving your own conscience. Nor do I believe that scientists should form pressure groups and force the community to take heed. In a democracy the only legitimate weapon is the word. If you are an expert you should offer your expert advice—by yourself or as a member of a group—to those who control your affairs. They, in turn, ought to . . . but this, my dear John, is not a letter to a young politician or business man, nor am I really competent to write such a letter.

—Home Service

Some Horrors of Childhood—VI

Meeting Girls

By JOHN FERNALD

TO me the horrors of childhood means only one thing, the dread distinction of the sexes which I became painfully aware of from the moment I went to a co-educational kindergarten.

I had no sisters, and it is impossible for any boy brought up with sisters to realise the peculiar awfulness of being confronted for the first time with the terrifying phenomenon of a girl. I do not mean by a girl anything like Mr. Ronald Searle's formidable, yet unsubtle, creations. They are recognisable and so they would be manageable. After all, Mr. Searle's girls have much in common with a boy's own kind: dirty finger nails, and liking for white mice, and leaning towards practical jokes, etc. There is nothing to frighten a boy in that. But a girl meant to me—and continued to mean until well past adolescence—something far more frightening because it was something foreign. There were physical manifestations of this foreignness of course: the fact, for instance, that it was natural for these creatures to be clean, or the fact that they were liable to turn up in curiously unpractical clothes.

But the real horror was psychological. It was in psychological warfare that the battle of the sexes manifested itself even at that early age. There was a look of mockery in a little girl's eye which I still blush to remember. It was—and still is—a look of indulgent superiority, with a hint of pity and also with a hint of patience which is almost infinite—but not quite. The first time I noted it was one Saturday afternoon when I was playing trains by myself, at about the age of six. A small girl, aged seven, with freckles and unemotional steely-grey eyes was unexpectedly pushed in upon me by my mother who thought it would do us both good to spend an hour in each other's company. Heaven knows where that small girl came from or what she was doing in the house. Till she came, I had been perfectly happy in my own self-absorbed world. I had rigged up an elaborate railway system between my playroom and the night nursery next door. The track ran from the fireplace in the playroom over a hill made of a lot of old encyclopaedias, through a narrow passage between two rooms, and ended up alongside my bed. I could happily spend hours winding the clockwork engine, placing it and a battered dining car on the track, starting it off, running to the terminus in the other room to meet it, and then reversing the process.

Then my mother thrust this icy little creature into the middle of my privacy. For some moments nothing at all happened: we just stood there eyeing each other. It was an unnerving beginning because my silence was the silence of embarrassment and indecision: but hers was the silence of a cool, critical assessment of a situation. Sooner or later, I realised, one of us would have to do something. She realised it too,

but she was sure that the advantage lay with her as long as she did not make the first move. Young as she was, she knew that it was up to me to act the host, to take the initiative, to entertain her. I, somewhat dimly, knew that too. After a time, I gestured feebly with the engine in my hand, eyeing her warily while I stuck the key of the clockwork engine into the hole. The look in her eye showed me I was performing an absolutely idiotic action.

'What are you doing?' she asked politely.

'Playing trains', I said, and saw that it was obvious that to this strange, clean creature I was talking rubbish.

'What do you do?' she said.

I said: 'I send this engine and this dining car along the track into the next room by the bed . . .'

'And then what?' she said. 'And then', I answered, and I already knew that I was lost, ' . . . and . . . then I turn it round and send it back in here'.

For one moment the eyes stared uncomprehendingly at me and the mouth, half opened, kept its mocking curve—then she suddenly turned her back on me and looked out of the window. It was a good half-hour before my mother came in to relieve the appalling situation, and during that time neither of us spoke another word. Oh what a half-hour that was . . . There was I, desperately trying to think of something to say, something to do, something which, while it might possibly have entertainment value for her, would at any rate be a face-saver for me. And there was she, uncaring, uninterested, self-contained. Why should she worry? I was doing enough of that for two.

That was the maddening thing about these girls—their coolness. It placed them, unfairly, not in the category of children at all: in some horrid way they were practically the same as grown-ups.

I remember one dreadful day when I was late for my kindergarten school. I was terrified of being late because of the look of doom I got from the mistress's eye (what was she but a monstrous exaggerated puffed-up girl?) I ran frantic and out of breath into the school house, and as I passed the cloakroom on my way to the classroom I saw a large calm girl putting her curls in order and taking her time about it. I ran into class and was pulverised by the mistress, and while I was suffering this the large girl quietly walked in, sat in her place, opened her book and completely escaped notice. It was always the same in this war of nerves. Whether my antagonist was a girl or a grown-up woman, I was always the loser.

It was not till I was twelve years old that I faced the decisive battle, and then, in an odd way, I came out victorious. The occasion, now I

come to think of it, had a sort of period flavour to it, for it was precipitated by a little girl using the word 'gentleman' on me. That word was much more in use in the class-conscious days of 1917 than it is now. Perhaps I ought to explain—this, too, has a period flavour—but though I had been brought up in an environment which was not at all affluent it was very genteel, and my circle of acquaintances was regulated very simply. Those who had proper vowel sounds and who spoke standard English were permitted, and those who spoke any sort of dialect were kept firmly outside. For their summer holidays, parents who were genteel but not affluent had a problem to solve: they had no country seats to take their children to and hotels at seaside resorts were far beyond their means. Thus it was that I found myself for eight weeks doomed to live a solitary life (except for my parents, of course) in a small house my family had taken in a Cotswold village. There was no social life for me at all, but I was used to solitude and quite happy, even complacent, in it.

Romantic Fancies

But during these holidays the complacency was disturbed by the robberies of my first romantic fancies about a girl. There was an inn about a hundred yards up the road from our house, a small, shabby sort of place into which of course my parents never ventured. It was attached to a farm whose fields stretched down the hill opposite, and whose boundaries ended in a little dip where there was a duckpond. There was a mystery to be imagined about this inn, this disapproved-of place. (It was built of that unpleasant yellow brick that one often finds expectantly in the most picturesque of villages.) It could be thought of as a kind of sinister prison, because the inn-keeper was a swarthy fellow with a cast in his eye and his wife was hard-faced and wore boots. (Lots of women of all kinds wore boots in those days, and, always, women with boots filled me with loathing.)

But this couple had a daughter, whom I chose to think of as kept under some sort of duress and allowed out by her horrible parents only on certain occasions, and only then for their own selfish and evil purposes. She was fair-haired and blue-eyed, this angel of the inn, with perfect proportions (in fact, too perfect for thirteen, which was all she was). But she stirred my blood as she went down the hill past the duckpond, every morning, singing, if you please, 'The Derby Ram' or something like that. When she was in song, her country-girl accent was not noticeable. It was therefore possible for me to indulge in fancies about her as someone *not* beyond the pale. Every morning she went past the duckpond to some farm buildings, bouncing a ball as she sang, and I used to watch her from behind the hedge as she went by. Her purpose was to collect eggs from the farm buildings to take back to the inn—but to me it was something not as harmless as that, but an errand connected with the dark powers of her unshaven father and her booted mother. As the notes of 'The Derby Ram' shrilly pierced the hedge and preceded, I would venture out into the road and watch her back as, bouncing away with her ball, she disappeared round the corner by the duckpond.

One day I plucked up the courage to go down to the duckpond to watch her come back. I suppose I had the idea of actually speaking to her, though I can hardly believe I would ever have actually dared to do such a thing. Then it happened: first the ball shot out of a door, bounced once on the flinty ground and plopped into the slimy pool. Then the girl herself appeared, saw me, eyed the ball, made a calculation and said, in a sort of stage Mummerset-speak: 'A gennelman would go and get thaaf'. I stood, stuck motionless in fear—but for all my fear of the pond and of her I knew that whatever a gentleman should do, I must do. A warm, chivalrous thrill of excitement replaced my fears and in a flash I was floundering in the pond. My feet stuck in the sloughy bottom, my head fell forward and went under, and, as I splashed and spluttered and thrashed my arms through the slime and the weeds, the ball, eluding me, but projected on the surface of the water by my efforts, reached the opposite bank just by the point where the angel stood.

The Well-known Look

I managed to get into the upright position, up to my ribs in muck, just in time to watch her pick it up. She wiped the mud off the ball on her skirt and eyed me with a speculative look. It was the look I knew so well: patient and pitying. If only I had had the sense to stay there pretending that I liked standing up to my ribs in a duckpond, all might have been well. She would have got bored and gone away and

I could have got out in my own time. But I have never known the right thing to do at the right moment and so, water-logged and uncertain in my footing, I slowly squelched my way ashore, while the girl stood and watched me. Then, as I emerged, she looked me up and down and laughed—after which she turned and ran off up the hill, looking back at me for one moment before she disappeared.

For weeks after that my mind was occupied with thoughts of what I could have said to her. They became an obsession; I used to dream every night of searing, witty replies to her mocking laugh. In fact the dreams settled down, through the summer months, into a sort of recurring dream and the witty replies grew together into one really splendid cutting remark which, night after night, I could say and hear myself saying. Yet in the morning it was always gone. Sometimes I would wake in the middle of the night just after the dream and would lie groping desperately in my mind to recall the *bon mot*, the stinging *riposte*. But always in vain. Then, one night, after dreaming in the usual way, I felt myself awake and—oh joy!—I *could* remember what I had said, and what I would repeat to her the very next time I saw her coming down the hill. Quickly I was out of bed and across the room to the chest of drawers, looking for a pencil. I was going to record the brilliant sentence, cherish it, and in the morning I would teach that girl to laugh at me.

There was no pencil on the chest of drawers but there was soap on the washstand and there was the mirror on the wall behind it. Quickly I grabbed the soap, wrote out the stinging *riposte* on the mirror and went back to bed. In no time it was morning and when I awoke I had, as usual, forgotten the sentence. But what did I care? I jumped out of bed and rushed across the room as I had in the night. But there was nothing there: no mirror, no soap, no washstand even. I had dreamt the whole thing. But the trick had been done. I never dreamt again about how to deal with that flaxen-haired angel. And, in fact, after that, this particular horror of childhood left me—to turn into something even more potent, even more alarming perhaps; but far, far more pleasant.—*Home Service*

The World I See

Nobody sees the world I see.
When I was small I thought the cows
And the caterpillars I kept in tins
Could see the cloud a Handley Page
Raced into another age:
I thought the ant and the bumble bee
And my brown and white pet mouse
Saw what I saw for my sins.

'For my sins'—they so often said.
That insect bird fish animal
Had no sins I knew long before
I realised they could never see
Me *steal* the apple from the tree.
Only the farmer could, or God.
God chalked it up against my soul,
The farmer made my bottom sore—

If he caught me . . . that's the point.
'What the eye doesn't . . . ' you know the wink
The politician counts upon
To get your vote for a world no man
Has ever seen or ever can:
The world is always out of joint,
There's always a Hamlet to see, and think;
But the crooked kings get the business done.

The ichneumon dooms the caterpillar
Choosing at random but never free
Not to choose. I am: and despite
The incestuous dynasties of loss
I am loath to believe man never was
Nor will be anything but a killer—
Then I look at the human world and see
The ecstatic lovers, their eyes shut tight.

PATRIC DICKINSON

Fair Trade or Restrictive Practice?—II

The Net Book Agreement

By B. S. YAMEY

A FEW years ago an eminent bookseller wrote that 'book-selling . . . is once more just keeping its chin above water. It is the Net Book Agreement alone which keeps it precariously afloat'. Similar views have been expressed whenever the Net Book Agreement has been imperilled by the promise or prospect of hostile government action aimed at eliminating or weakening resale price maintenance in industry and trade generally. On such occasions booksellers and others have been quick to suggest that books are not like other commodities, and that, to quote a leader in *The Times*, 'the social vitality of the nation could be impoverished if booksellers, who have a hard struggle as it is, were swept into a net spread for other fish'.

The Net Book Agreement came into force in 1900. It lays down the conditions on which publishers supply net books to booksellers. It has been left to each publisher to decide which of his books should be issued subject to these conditions, such books being called net books. Since the first world war almost all books have been issued subject to the Net Book Agreement, so-called 'educational books' being the main exception.

Resale Price Maintenance

The main provision of the Agreement is that net books are not to be supplied at trade prices to a bookseller unless he agrees to sell them at not less than their published net prices. Breaches of this undertaking have been dealt with collectively by the publishers; the offender is stop-listed and he is not supplied with any net books on trade terms. Breaches have been rare. The Agreement has virtually eliminated price competition in bookselling; on the other hand, it has not in any way restricted competition between publishers. In fact the Agreement is an example of the collective adoption and enforcement by manufacturers—in this case publishers—of resale price maintenance. It has been an efficient example of the particular form of price maintenance which in recent years has provoked a growing volume of criticism.

I have been referring to the Net Book Agreement as it has evolved over the years. But it will be affected by the recent Restrictive Trade Practices Act in at least one important way. By the end of October the collective denial of trade terms to price-cutting booksellers will no longer be lawful, though the individual publisher will still be allowed to stipulate net prices for his books, and enforce them either by withholding supplies of his publications or by taking legal action against price-cutters.

The case against the maintenance of the retail prices of books is essentially the same as that against resale price maintenance generally. In the first place, booksellers' margins—that is, the difference between the prices they pay and the net prices they charge—are higher than they would be if price competition were allowed in bookselling. Second, the more efficient booksellers are not able to expand their trade as rapidly as they would do if they were allowed to reduce book prices; they are not allowed to lower book prices so as to give customers the benefit of such economies as they might achieve. Third, prices are not varied according to the services rendered. The book-buyer pays the same price for a net book regardless of how much expense he causes the bookseller.

This insistence on uniformity of price despite obvious differences in services rendered or risks taken is rather curious in the book trade; for publishers have always been free to vary their terms to booksellers according to the type of transaction. It is not uncommon for publishers to offer special terms to the bookseller who places orders in advance of publication: such orders reduce the publishers' risks and guarantee that the books, when published, will be on view in the retailer's shop; a price reduction is economic in the circumstances. But the bookseller is not allowed to offer similar inducements to members of the public to place advance orders even though such orders likewise would ease his position and reduce his costs. Quantity discounts also are often allowed in the sale of books to booksellers; but a group of students placing a single order for several copies of a book would have to pay

the full net price. Again, the Net Book Agreement was amended in 1933 to allow booksellers to grant discounts of up to 10 per cent. on net books supplied to recognised public libraries buying more than £100-worth of books per year, a concession which was granted on after a long struggle. But no such concession is available, for example to a group of friends who may be willing to undertake to buy £100-worth of net books per year from a selected bookseller if he were able to give them a worth-while discount. And even the discount to public libraries cannot exceed 10 per cent., though it is likely that a single consolidated order from all the public libraries in, say, the south of England, would cost less to execute than a number of separate orders.

Resale price maintenance, then, raises retailers' margins on books and the uniformity it imposes also discourages economical methods of book-selling and book-buying. The elimination of resale price maintenance in the book trade—and, as I said, this is not achieved by the Restrictive Trade Practices Act—would reduce margins and book prices, and in these ways encourage book-buying.

It is impossible to say how far booksellers' margins would fall if resale price maintenance were swept away. But though book-selling may not be particularly profitable at present, this does not in any way establish that margins cannot be reduced. Resale price maintenance eliminates price competition. But it does not eliminate other forms of competition, all of which tend to raise costs and to reduce net profit. This occurs however generous the publishers may be in fixing the gross margins they allow to the trade. When booksellers cannot compete in business by reducing prices, they compete by providing more service, acquiring more expensive premises, employing more assistants, and so on. More retailers are also attracted into book-selling by the security offered by protected prices, so that the total trade tends to become spread more thinly over a larger number of stockists, and this in turn tends to raise costs. Further, resale price maintenance raises costs directly in that a bookseller who has bought too many of a title cannot so readily reduce its price and so cut his losses and he is left with more dead stock on his hands.

The fact that resale price maintenance diverts retail competition from a price basis to a service basis provides its supporters with the most serious arguments in its favour. These arguments are said to be of particular force in the book trade, and more especially in respect of the sale of those books whose importance, educationally and culturally, may be generally admitted. It is argued that resale price maintenance encourages more booksellers to stock a wide selection of books, including many which are slow-selling. The availability of books in the shop encourages browsing and this is one way of bringing particular books to the notice of potential buyers. The fear is that if price maintenance is removed or weakened the range of books available in bookshops will be narrowed. The stocking of slow-selling books will be restricted because they will be more risky to handle when resale prices are fixed; and stock-holding will be further discouraged because some people, having decided what to buy by examining the stock of a good bookshop and getting the help of its owner, will order the books from another bookseller quoting low prices and offering no service.

Unjustified Fears?

It is therefore argued that without resale price maintenance essential retailing services of high cultural value would be curtailed, and the publication and sale of serious and worth-while books, whose importance may greatly exceed the small demand for them, would be gravely prejudiced. On these grounds it is claimed that books—at least some of them—are unlike other consumer goods. Lower margins on best-selling novels and the like would be a minor achievement to set beside a calamity.

Such fears are sincerely expressed by many in the book trade and shared by others who have no direct interest in the trade. But, for several reasons, I do not think they are justified. First, a large part of the case for price maintenance in books rests, implicitly or otherwise, on the assumption that an appreciable proportion of all books are bought

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE



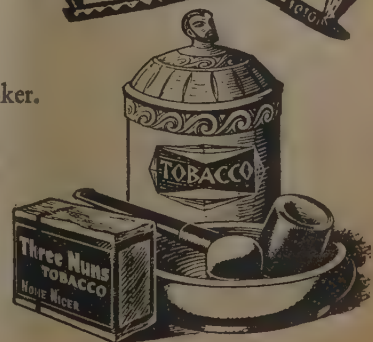
*'Tis fine Perique,
that makes Three Nuns
so different*

When your confirmed pipe-smoker is wrapped in lazy dreams and the drowsy comfort of Three Nuns Tobacco, he may not know the inner secret of his bliss. 'Tis the black heart of fine Perique in the small significant dark centres of those famous Three Nuns curly discs. Centuries ago, Perique (itself a rich and rare tobacco) was being grown by the Indians in a tiny, ten-mile plot of land in the Mississippi area. And only there does Perique, even today, truly flourish. And so the pipe of peace, smoked by the Indian braves, is translated today to the peaceful pipe of the Three Nuns smoker.



Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique



on impulse, and that sales will be lost unless the stimulus is present in the form of stocks of books available in many places. In fact, little is known of the buying habits and motivations of book-buyers. But this does not matter for present purposes. For, if purchases on impulse are important, it will be profitable for many booksellers to provide the stimulus (in the form of stocks of books) regardless of whether or not there is price maintenance; and buyers on impulse are, by definition, not too fussy about prices. Moreover, it is unlikely that impulse buying is significant in the market for the serious books which figure so prominently in discussions of the Net Book Agreement; rather, the buyer or would-be buyer knows much about the books likely to interest him, and is prepared to seek out a bookshop giving him the service he wants and carrying his sort of books.

Unintentional Interpretation of Events

Second, much of present-day apprehensions derives from an untenable interpretation of the events which led up to the Net Book Agreement in 1900. According to this interpretation price competition in the sale of books over the preceding two or three decades made conditions so difficult for publishers that they intervened to stop the retail price-cutting. This is not the occasion to go into this history; but there is no reason for doubting the words of the President of the Publishers' Association in 1899 to the effect that the publishers were content to let matters go on as they were, and that the Net Book Agreement was introduced at the request and in the interests of the organised booksellers, who, in turn, rightly claimed it as a victory for the 'extreme unity of the [bookseller's] trade'. In fact, the great majority of the publishers did not experience or observe the harm which a half-century of price competition in the sale of books is supposed to have inflicted on publishing and literature generally; and there is no evidence that the public were unable to obtain worth-while books (or any other books) because of the intensive price competition in book-selling.

Third, many publishers and leading booksellers are aware that the vast majority of booksellers today do not in fact provide the sort of services which are likely to stimulate the sales of slow-selling books of high cultural value. They would agree with the views of one publisher that while bookshops 'should be the centres of lively intellectual interest all over the country they are only too often mere repositories for, in all possible senses of the word, cheap fiction'. This assessment is no strong testimony for several decades of resale price maintenance in the book trade. Indeed, it can be argued that, in practice, price maintenance has encouraged enterprise, capital, and effort to be concentrated on the retailing of books which are easy to sell, making conditions more difficult for the pedigree bookseller. If price maintenance were abolished, it would probably encourage greater specialisation in the book trade, and this could not fail to improve the provision of services for which there may be a real demand. It is certainly inconceivable that the present small number of specialists or pedigree bookshops would be reduced.

Lastly, if, as is unlikely, the return of price competition should lower the level of services in bookshops and thereby reduce the sale of books, it would encourage publishers to take their own measures to stimulate book sales. These could take a variety of forms. Special discounts could be given to such booksellers as were prepared to keep a well-stocked shop and employ trained staff; these discounts could be denied to mere order-taking retailers. Alternatively, expensive or slow-selling books could be supplied to selected booksellers on 'sale or return' conditions. This practice is common on the Continent; the bookseller takes little risk and the publisher has copies of his books available in selected bookshops. These methods—and no doubt there are others—have the great advantage that they achieve their purpose directly. This is not true of resale price maintenance, since the benefits of price maintenance are shared by all booksellers, including those who do not bother to provide the services in question. Price maintenance encourages the provision of services, but is indiscriminate in its action. Most of the service it induces merely switches custom from one retailer to another and does little to stimulate the sale of books as a whole. This is particularly true of the serious books which are in limited demand. No doubt some of the more direct methods of encouraging sales would involve the publishers in some additional costs; but these would be balanced by the lower margins on which booksellers would be able to work and the greater efficacy of the methods.

For all these reasons I am not inclined to share the view that the abolition of resale price maintenance would injure the sale of books. Such price reductions as can be expected in competitive bookselling would enlarge the demand for books, and particularly the demand for

the more expensive 'serious' books, the market for which is composed largely of professional people, teachers and students whose incomes tend to lag behind the rising inflation.

But there are other fears in the book trade. One of these is that, with price competition in book-selling, business would go increasingly to large-scale retailing concerns who, by virtue of their importance as buyers, would then be able to exercise a *de facto* censorship of publications. However, I am not at all convinced that mass distributors would in fact stand to gain from the elimination of resale price maintenance. Fixed prices greatly simplify the task of large retailing organisations; for example, in the selection and training of branch managers and in the control of numerous and usually dispersed operations. In any case, it is most unlikely that the mass distributors would be much interested in the slow-selling books with which most of the discussion is concerned. Moreover, if it is in the public interest that no firm should grow large enough to exercise a censorship of publications, the objective could be achieved more certainly by direct government action. Privately organised trade controls and restrictions on competition are not to be commended on the ground that, incidentally, they may present obstacles to the emergence of individual firms with monopoly power.

Another fear is that of the loss-leader, that is the sale of selected books at a loss to attract customers to shops selling other books or a variety of merchandise. This practice, which clearly would stimulate the sale of the selected books, is supposed to cause widespread disturbance and chaos. Personally I have not found any acceptable evidence of the ill effects of loss-leader selling. But even if it is assumed, contrary to historical experience, that loss-leader selling would be widespread and destructive if price maintenance were to go, this is no argument for the Net Book Agreement as we know it. It eliminates all forms of price competition in the retailing of books, and not only loss-leader selling. In fact, the Net Book Agreement was engineered by organised booksellers to stop the giving of general discounts to the public buyers—the very opposite of loss-leader selling. Loss-leader practices could be ended effectively even if booksellers were allowed, for example, to give general discounts off the published prices of all books, or special discounts to cash customers, or to staunch customers, or to those placing large orders for books. Such price reductions would not be of the loss-leader variety. Again, it would be a great improvement if booksellers were allowed to pass on all or part of their discounts on pre-publication orders to those of their own customers who in turn place such orders with them. A loosening-up of resale price maintenance in these respects would go some way to meet its critics; at the same time it would not fail to encourage book-buying and more economical ways of bookselling.

In conclusion, I want to repeat that the new Restrictive Trade Practices Act does not abolish resale price maintenance in the book trade, or, for that matter, in any other trade. After a half-century of the Net Book Agreement, the practice of price maintenance is now so firmly embedded that the present legislation is not likely to make much difference to book-buyers. The control of retail book prices may be somewhat less rigorous when collective enforcement becomes unlawful and is replaced by individual enforcement. It is likely that some publishers will not be quite so zealous in taking action against retailers breaking the less important conditions of sale, or even against those occasionally indulging in more or less overt price competition. But it would be far too optimistic to expect that price competition in the sale of books will be unleashed by the limited legislation, which is concerned with forms of enforcement and not with resale price maintenance as such.—*Third Programme*

In yet another *Study of George Orwell* (Hollis and Carter, 18s.) Christopher Hollis has the advantage of having been a near contemporary of Orwell's at Eton, of having come from much the same background and received a similar education, and of having known him intermittently most of his life. There is, however, relatively little biography in this book save what Orwell had himself revealed; the bulk of it is taken up with a fairly detailed analysis of the ideas lying behind Orwell's publications. Mr. Hollis writes as a practising Catholic and seeks to show that, despite Orwell's proclaimed atheism and reiterated disbelief in a future life, his values were essentially religious, that he was, so to speak, *anima naturaliter christiana*. It is true that Orwell was permanently preoccupied with the problem of moral values; but his ideal of the good life (as shown, for example, in the retrospective section of *Coming Up for Air*) was completely secular. Mr. Hollis may be justified in his belief that the practice of religion is the only bulwark against the totalitarian horrors of 1984 but the work of George Orwell does not seem a particularly suitable text on which to expound this sermon.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Letter to a Young Politician

Sir,—Intelligent members of political parties as well as persons who have no party allegiance will admit the validity of many of the criticisms of Parliament voiced by Mr. Hollis in his 'Letter to a Young Politician' published in THE LISTENER of August 9. The root of the troubles in the minds of the electorate of which Parliament is and ought to be a reasonably true reflection. The Hansard Society for Parliamentary Government has plans for a research project to determine to what extent and in what directions changes may be needed to enable Parliament to deal efficiently with various problems which are the consequence of modern conditions. It is the desire of the Society to set up a study group of representative and competent persons to examine this question and report.

Meanwhile I recall that Sir Winston Churchill once remarked that though the parliamentary system might have its defects no one had yet been able to think of a better one. It is significant that the embryonic West African Dominions have adopted the Westminster brand of parliamentary government and so has India. This is another reason why we must take care to keep our Parliament up to date and teach our people to appreciate the vital importance to every individual of the well-being of Parliament.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 STEPHEN KING-HALL,

Letter to a Young Painter

Sir,—As an artist and for some years a teacher in a school of art, I feel that Mr. Basil Taylor ('Letter to a Young Painter', THE LISTENER, August 2), whilst giving a concise account of modern 'isms', misses the main point inspiring young people to become painters. In early days it was my delight in visual impressions of colour, light and form seen in nature which made me urgently desire to record what I saw. As time went on the feeling that painting was an expression of life grew, a full-time job, so that in town or country, or at entertainment or sport, one was continually watching, thinking and memorising for subsequent work. This interest in visual things was stimulated by the study of the masters, and particularly by one's contemporaries. As a student I preferred current exhibitions and the gallery at Millbank to the older masters but I soon learned to value these highly.

It is my conviction from my experience of students over many years that these are the main reasons for wishing to become a painter. Mr. Taylor's 'isms' may and do appeal to many sophisticated students of today, but they will derive their inspiration from nature and from the stimulation of good painting. The trouble is that so few opportunities exist for the practice of painting and the student without an income is forced into teaching, or some form of commercial or manufactured art. In either case his painting suffers.

Yours, etc.,

LESLIE M. WARD

The Gospels and the Rabbis

Sir,—I was very pleased with Professor Daube's able talk on 'The Gospels and the Rabbis' (Third Programme, August 16), illus-

trating the need for a thorough study of Jewish sources in relation to the exposition of the New Testament for which I contended in my recent translation of the Christian Scriptures.

From such studies, however, an important and neglected inference is to be drawn, namely, that the original structure and content of the Gospel owed much to intellectual Jewish members of the Church, the priests, scribes, and Pharisees who joined the Jerusalem Community. Only they could have been sufficiently well-versed in such matters as Professor Daube adduced.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.6 HUGH J. SCHONFIELD

P.E.N. Anthology of New Verse

Sir,—For the past five years P.E.N. anthologies of new verse have appeared under the imprint of Messrs. Michael Joseph Ltd., and you have been kind enough to allow me to invite your readers to submit poems for consideration by the editors. A sixth volume is now in preparation, the editors being Thomas Blackburn, Kathleen Nott, and C. Day Lewis, and manuscripts, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for return, should be addressed to The Editors, The P.E.N., 62-63 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3, before October 31, 1956.

Poems which have appeared in book-form cannot be considered, and each poet may submit two poems only. Payment will be made for all poems accepted, and those who wish to have the arrival of their MSS. acknowledged should enclose a stamped, addressed postcard.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3 DAVID CARVER,
General Secretary, The P.E.N.

'Penguin Story'

Sir,—Your reviewer of the *Penguin Story* gives too unrelievedly sombre an account of the treatment of poets by Penguin Books. In one case at least—their publication of *Poems 1951*—they took the risk of publishing, not an ordinary anthology, but a collection of the work of eight or nine poets almost all of whom were virtually unknown.

I at least, and no doubt the other writers concerned, remain grateful for this doubtless uneconomic venture.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 ROBERT CONQUEST

'The Dead Sea Scrolls'

Sir,—Your reviewer complains of the 'cheap and shoddy' methods of production used in our publication *The Dead Sea Scrolls* by Millar Burrows, and states that 'it is unconscionable to be expected to pay 30s. for such a book'. Incidentally so far 3,500 copies of this book have been sold without complaint.

The reason why this book was offset from the American edition by the photo-litho process—which admittedly does not give such good results as printing from type—was so that it could be reasonably priced and so reach as wide a public as possible. Had the offset process not been used, the price would have been at least 45s. (The American edition costs \$6.50). Does your

reviewer really consider that it is possible at this time and place to produce a demy octavo book of 435 pages *de luxe* for 30s.? If so, and he values his reputation as a reviewer, he had better start learning some of the facts about publishing.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1 DAVID FARRER,
Director,
Martin Secker and Warburg Ltd.

'William Hale White (Mark Rutherford)'

Sir,—Your reviewer is entitled to rate Mark Rutherford less lightly than Dr. Stock does (THE LISTENER, August 9), but his judgement would inspire more respect if he had read more carefully the book he reviews so patronisingly. He might then have noticed that the comparison with E. M. Forster is drawn not by Dr. Stock but by Lionel Trilling in his foreword; that the passage in *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* in which Dr. Stock finds 'a peculiar and moving beauty' is at the end of the first part, not of the whole book; and that what 'partly [omitted in the review] spoiled his children's Sundays' was not the learning of Virgil (which was the alternative to Scripture history on weekdays for one of his sons), but the prohibition on attending church or Sunday school. It is a minor point that Dr. Stock does not find Mark Rutherford a great writer 'particularly' in *Pages from a Journal*, but only holds that they are 'among his best writings'.

Yours, etc.,

Newcastle upon Tyne, 1 J. C. MAXWELL

Sir James Frazer

Sir,—I am preparing a biography of Sir James George Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough*, etc. Any information from your readers concerning the location of letters and papers, the existence of relatives, people who were acquainted with him, and knowledge of his life would be highly appreciated.

Yours, etc.,

8, Victoria Street, SHAILA E. RUBIN
Cambridge

Ernest Dowson

Sir,—I am engaged in collecting data concerning the poet, Ernest Dowson, 1867-1900, and should be most grateful if any of your readers could help me. I will personally acknowledge any information sent to me.

Yours, etc.,

151 Waterloo Road, JOHN LUFF
Kowloon, Hong Kong

The inaugural lecture delivered at Oxford University by Frank Freidel, Harnsworth Professor of American History, on the subject of 'Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal' has now been published by the Clarendon Press, price 2s. 6d.

* * *

Dr. C. V. Wedgwood's presidential address to the English Association on 'Literature and the Historian' given last July has been published by the Oxford University Press, price 5s.

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

THIS is 'Tomorrow', an exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, is designed to illustrate the collaboration of architects with painters and sculptors. Twelve separate groups of workers in these different mediums have each produced an artefact which in most cases does not in the least suggest that it is something made to be lived in. The visitor penetrates to the main gallery through the entrance hall, a space which is 'modulated by plastic sheets, blockboard and plywood, all mass-produced materials'. Above his head there is a 'space-deck roof', made of some transparent plastic material of different colours arranged in geometrical patterns. A piece of sculpture standing in the centre 'represents the imprecise yet recognisable image of the irrational and of chance', though just why it should be a good thing for sculpture to do this is not explained.

Then comes a shock: the visitor is confronted with a structure of which one wall is made up of an advertisement of a science-fiction film that recently appeared in Piccadilly Circus, a vast robot with flashing coloured lights for eyes who holds in his arms an unconscious and scantily dressed film star. Inside the structure, in so far as it is possible to distinguish inside from outside, there are some pictures which look vaguely like illustrations in a scientific textbook and a few revolving discs, presumably driven by electricity, on which are painted spirals or circles in different colours. A microphone hangs from one wall with the instruction 'Speak' above it; it was perhaps because this was being used that barbaric shouts and wails continually interrupted the loud performance of a juke-box which did not cease for a moment during a survey of the exhibition. In the catalogue the only intelligible observation on this exhibit is a question: 'Just what is it that makes today's homes so different, so appealing?'

Having got so far, the visitor might suppose he had strayed into a fun-fair in which the machinery had been disorganised by discontented employees, and it is impossible not to deplore such conspicuous waste of valuable exhibition space. But further within the hall, though at times one may still wonder whether the ghost train has not run into the tunnel of love, some quite serious objects may be found. Miss Sarah Jackson's sculpture makes some sense, and so does Mr. James Hull's manifold screen, though just where it could be placed in any normal domestic interior it is difficult to say. Mr. Paolozzi's sculpture exhibits, as always, his light and delicate touch, though his objects are shown here in a particularly barmy way, being placed apparently haphazard, and among such objects as an aged bicycle wheel, on a floor strewn with sand through which photographic collages in places emerge; this floor surrounds a hastily constructed wooden shack. In a corner of the gallery can be seen some of Mr. Victor Pasmore's abstract constructions of wood, plastic material, and so forth. It is never pos-

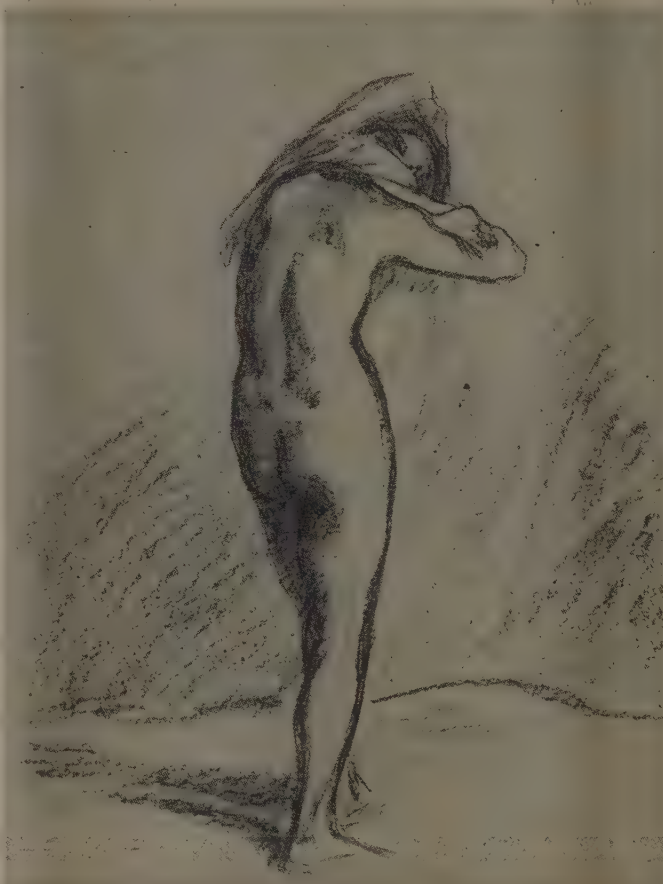
sible to see these without some degree of regret that they should have occupied the time of a born painter, but here their precise and thoughtful order, the serene inevitability of their arrangement, is a most refreshing contrast to much that is gimcrack or, as it seems, deliberately silly in the exhibition.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when Sickert's often repeated opinion that Millet was a great artist seemed almost shocking;

some people even thought that he was pulling their legs. It is probable that Millet is still by no means a favourite of the average art-lover, for the image of 'The Angelus', with its strained and deliberate sentiment and its dingy colour, still rises in the mind to obscure the merits of his less laboured work. So a large exhibition of his drawings which the Arts Council is holding at 4 St. James's Square is particularly welcome both as a corrective to taste and as a pleasure in itself. It shows Millet as a much more various artist than might be suspected from his more familiar pictures. He began his career by producing works of eighteenth-century elegance, and reflections of this style still appear in the 'Study for Les Couturières' of 1850 and in some extremely sensitive nudes of about the same time. Nothing could be in greater contrast to these than the 'Peasant at Work' of about 1866, which has the firmness of a Daumier. The landscape studies in charcoal have on the other hand, an almost Chinese delicacy of touch. A series of drawings for 'Les Glaneuses' is particularly interesting. It shows how Millet gradually suppresses the competing interest of a wheat rick and harvesters by pushing them back to a great distance so that the principal figures might stand alone; there is a gain in clarity and in the force of a single image, but at the same time a certain rigidity and bleakness come in. It was the essence of Millet's art, as it showed itself in his best

known pictures, that he should simplify and suppress, and it was of course, a most honourable austerity, but the drawings as a whole suggest that he would have produced far more generally attractive works if he had allowed himself to be rather more discursive. The single oil painting in the exhibition, the admirable 'Les Bucheronnes L'Hiver' from the National Museum of Wales, is an instance of how much his work gains by allowing the interest of the landscape to compete with that of the figures. A preface to the catalogue by Sir Kenneth Clark is a most helpful piece of criticism.

Among recent publications are: *Raphael*, text by Mary Pittaluga (Thames and Hudson, 84s.); *The Artist as Creator: an Essay of Human Freedom* by Milton C. Nahm (Oxford, for Johns Hopkins, 45s.); *Art and Literature in Fourth Century Athens*, by T. B. L. Webster (Athlone Press, 25s.); *British Table and Ornamental Glass*, by L. M. Angus Butterworth (Leonard Hill, 42s.); *The Modern Church*, by Edward E. Mills (Architectural Press, 30s.).



'Study of a Nude Woman': from the exhibition of drawings by Jean-François Millet at the Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The First Englishman in Japan

By P. G. Rogers. Harvill. 12s. 6d.

WILL ADAMS, the subject of this book, is almost certainly the first Englishman to have visited Japan; and although he was not destined to become as well known to posterity as his great Elizabethan contemporaries, he is worthy to be linked with them. He shared both their merits and defects; he was intelligent, arrogant, ambitious and selfish, qualities which enabled him to rise to a position of leadership.

It is not known when Adams was born, but he was baptised in the parish church at Gillingham on September, 1564. At the age of twelve he left for Limehouse, there to be apprenticed to a ship-builder. During the years of his training he became more interested in navigation, and in due course qualified as a pilot. In those days the English and Dutch had close relations, and when Adams was asked to take part in the Dutch expeditions which were to try to find the North-east passage to the Indies he willingly accepted. A few years later, in 1599, he again set out with four other Dutch ships for Japan, but his was the only one to escape shipwreck. When the *Liefde* arrived off Hirado hunger had brought the crew to a degree of weakness so extreme that only Adams and six other members were still able to stand upright. Adams himself was never again to see the wife and daughter he had left in England, but fate had brought him to Japan at a decisive moment in that country's history, and he was destined to play a considerable part in events which were to shape the country's future.

It was just emerging from a long period of civil war, and control of the country was about to be gathered into the hands of one man, who later became known as the Shogun Ieyasu, a member of the famous Tokugawa family which still plays a leading part in Japanese affairs. It was with the help of the warlike stores which the *Liefde* had brought to Japan that Ieyasu was able to subdue his fellow lords at the battle of Sekigahara in 1600.

Ieyasu was an intelligent man and realised that to develop Japan's trade he would not only be increasing his own wealth and power but improving the lot of his subjects. Adams was, therefore, particularly useful, the more so since, as an Englishman, he could be used by Ieyasu as a go-between in his dealings with the Spaniards and Portuguese, who had come to Japan in the middle of the sixteenth century. Will Adams' subsequent career in Japan is fully described in Mr. Rogers' admirable and extremely readable biography. He married a Japanese wife by whom he had two children, but it is pleasant to record that before he died he made provision for the other wife and daughter whom he deserted, although unwittingly, in England. In the years before the last war the Japanese referred to forget the debt they owed him, and the grave at Yokosuka where he and his wife were buried was allowed to fall into disrepair. There has since been a revival of interest in him, and in 1947 a memorial was unveiled at Ito which contains a long inscription in Japanese and a poem by Edmund Blunden. It is now become a place of annual pilgrimage.

In Edwardian Youth. By L. E. Jones. Macmillan. 18s.

Fifty years ago Balliol was no longer the Balliol of Jowett, but it still regarded itself as one of three great educational institutions: Balliol,

Oxford, and Cambridge. When young Jones came up, fresh from triumphant responsibilities at Eton, he was pleased to find himself a nobody. This visible sign that he had left boyhood for good made him feel five years younger. So we are told by that buoyant young man, now Sir Lawrence and seventy. Those who have accompanied him through *A Victorian Boyhood* will need no encouragement to follow him into his Edwardian youth.

His style is as undemonstrative and perfect in its timing as must have been his rowing in the days when he was President of the O.U.B.C., so that the book too is propelled with ease that comes from labour and long practice. Its depth and cohesion derive from the writer's uncommon ability to combine in one vision a view of life as impetuously lived fifty years ago and as now seen through the qualifying eye of experience. We share the immediate pleasures of that small Utopia, but our delight is tempered, as his was not, by the confession that he and his companions did not so much as notice that their servants lived in basements by day and in attics by night. The training of the heart, says Sir Lawrence, was neglected in his day. They would have qualified for only a 'gamma' in Compassion.

But perhaps Sir Lawrence is undeservingly hard on his generation. His criticism is directed almost exclusively at dogmatic conduct, life based on illusions which, because almost universally accepted, seem to be truth. That there has been any improvement in this respect over the past half century is doubtful; the only difference seems to be that dogmatic conduct, which was then the privilege of a few, is now the pride of the emancipated many. The question 'How does the pace of a boat benefit a College?' is still more likely to be put by a visitor from Mars than by an undergraduate. Sport has lost none of its power as a fetish since the awful day when young Jones was made to feel that his deplorable debut in the Balliol Four was not just incompetence but sin. On that occasion he 'was made to feel as an adulterer might feel, afloat in a small boat with the Archbishop of Canterbury'. The modern flounderer is just as acutely aware of himself as sinner, though it would now require a secular simile to communicate the same degree of shame.

At Balliol his days (and nights) were enlivened by contact with greatness and oddity. The College Chaplain, who later became Bishop of Bombay, suffered from a stammer, and his wife became known throughout India as 'the Baboon' because he referred to her on a public occasion as 'the greatest b-b-b-b-boon in my life'. The book is alive with amusing anecdotes.

The Penguin Book of English Verse

Edited by John Hayward.

Penguin. 4s. 6d.

Subject to certain limitations, Mr. Hayward tells us in his preface, he has 'tried to concentrate . . . as much as possible of the richness and variety of intellectual and emotional appeal made by the principal poets—some 150 in all—who have written in English throughout the four centuries dividing the first Elizabethan age from the second'. Has he succeeded? His selection is a highly personal one, and the degree of his success depends on the personality revealed. In the first place, it is no accident that Mr. Hayward puts 'intellectual' before 'emotional' appeal. He is a scholar, perhaps most at home in the age of Donne. His texts are excellent, and he has rightly preserved the original spelling.

His chronology, on the other hand, is erratic. He says: 'The poets represented are in chronological order', but under what system can Marvell be put before Herrick?

The selections from certain poets, such as Emily Dickinson, Browning, and Hardy, are very welcome; less satisfactory are those from American poets before Whitman, from Coleridge, and from Clare. Some poets, like Tennyson, Arnold, and Swinburne, are perhaps over-represented. Has the editor been unduly influenced by the 'Don't let's be beastly to the Victorians' school of thought? Other genuine poets like Davies (both Sir John and W. H.) and Lawrence do not appear at all. With modern poetry, one suspects, Mr. Hayward is out of sympathy, and has been content to go by the fashion. In some cases, perhaps, he has been guided too much by the taste of previous anthologists: the Herrick selection, for instance, is stereotyped.

These are details, however, compared with the 'limitations' to which Mr. Hayward refers in his preface—arbitrary and, as they must seem, cramping limitations. For they prevent the inclusion of anything by Chaucer, Langland, Dunbar, and Skelton, any anonymous ballads (or 'The Ancient Mariner') and any dramatic verse. So while Milton is allowed some sonorous passages from his epic masterpiece, Shakespeare appears in a decidedly minor role, and Marlowe makes a poorer showing than, say, Emerson.

Yet all these objections perhaps amount to no more than that the task of concentrating English poetry into one volume, if not insuperable, certainly allows of very wide interpretation. Mr. Hayward's attempt is interesting and plausible. Its most indisputable merit is that it offers authentic texts of a great number of the best English lyrics, and raises popular anthologising to a new level of scholarship.

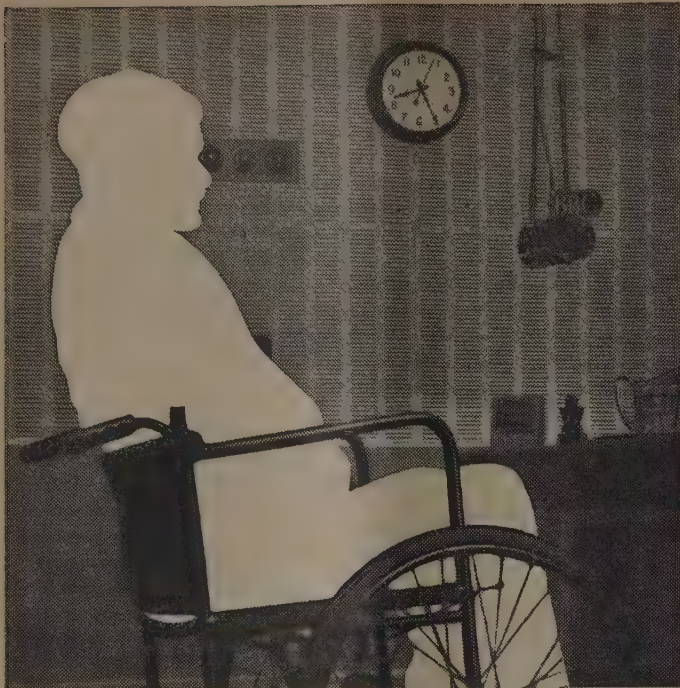
The Squire and His Relations

By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford.

Cassell. 42s.

The English squire, as Dr. Wingfield-Stratford truly observes, is a 'uniquely national product, without his counterpart in any other nation'. At no time in his long history has he been cast in a rigid mould. Novelists, cartoonists, innumerable historians (Tory, Radical, Marxist) have sought to create their standardised versions of this unpredictable figure. He has always eluded them, and he eludes their successors today—for even now he is by no means extinct. Indeed he is displaying a surprising faculty, not merely of survival, but of resourceful adaptation to the circumstances of the present age.

Dr. Wingfield-Stratford has set himself to recount the story of the squire from the time of Chaucer down to the opening of this century. He plods steadily along from the Pastons to Sir Roger de Coverley, and from Squire Western to Squire Osbaldeston. All the more obvious squires, actual and fictitious, are discussed. A good deal of social and historical commentary, sometimes rather inexact, is also provided. But it is impossible to feel that the author has succeeded in tracing 'the unifying principle that makes it possible to comprehend so wide a diversity of persons within the compass of one brief monosyllable'. All that emerges, or indeed could emerge, is an impression of the immense variety and individuality of squiredom. No principle whatever, apart from the mere fact of their ownership of land and residence upon their estates, could unite Henry Hastings and Jethro



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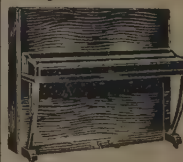
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ull, William Shenstone and John Mytton, Charles Waterton and Henry Chaplin.

In almost every respect the book is a disappointing treatment of an attractive subject. Dr. Wingfield-Stratford does not seem to have paid any attention to those modern historians whose researches have thrown such valuable light upon the squires, their position and their activities. One might have expected some reference to Lawney and Namier, to the articles of Mr. Trevor-Roper and Professor Habakkuk, to the book by Messrs. Brunton and Pennington on the members of the Long Parliament. He does not even draw upon so obvious a source as the diary of Parson Woodforde, with its delightful picture of the modest and kindly Squire of Easton. Nor is he willing to let the writers of the past speak for themselves. Instead of quoting in full Shaftesbury's description of Henry Hastings, he gives us his own drab and clichéd paraphrase of that splendid piece of prose.

This inadequacy of treatment extends even to the illustrations. For example the engraving described as Sir William Paston, who died in 154, in fact represents his grandson of the same name who died in 1610. Again, the picture of Easton Hall, captioned 'The Quintessence of Victorian Gothic', does not depict Waterhouse's remodelling of the house in the eighteenth century, but Porden's remarkable essay in Regency Gothic, completed long before Queen Victoria came to the throne. It may be argued that Dr. Wingfield-Stratford has attempted little more than a work of popularisation, in which high standards of scholarship are not expected. But the fact remains that the plan of the book presented a fine opportunity which has been sadly wasted.

Taboo. By Franz Steiner.

Cohen and West. 18s.

The early death of Franz Steiner at the age of thirty-three has apparently deprived England and the world of a most promising theoretical thinker on the subject matter of anthropology and comparative sociology. This loss is the more serious in that he was almost unique in the present generation in resuming the type of research, which the Victorians so developed, for the study of a single institution or group of customs through all the instances recorded. He brought to this task immense polyglot learning and a vivid theoretical framework based, it appears, in the first place on Max Weber and the Viennese Circle, but also on Radcliffe-Brown and his anthropological contemporaries. Furthermore he was a poet (in German) and had the poet's respect for words and for style. He seems to have been a perfectionist, and none of his anthropological work was published in his lifetime. The volume under review has been excellently edited by Dr. Laura Bohannan from his lecture notes. Professor Evans-Pritchard has contributed a short but most useful preface.

From the time that Captain Cook first reported the observation of taboo in his accounts of his discoveries in Polynesia, the concept exercised a peculiar fascination for Europeans, particularly (as Dr. Steiner points out) for Scotsmen and Germans raised in the Protestant tradition. An analogy was fairly soon seen between the taboos of primitives and the injunctions laid down in the Pentateuch; this analogy was used either to separate the 'primitive' from the 'advanced' concepts of the Jewish religion (by Robertson Smith) or to demonstrate the primitiveness of all religion (as by Frazer). The huge compilations of the nineteenth century were re-manipulated by Freud in his *Totem and Taboo*, after which, with the exception of an encyclopedia article by Margaret Mead, the

subject was almost completely ignored until Franz Steiner composed the book under review.

With admirable clarity, wit, and conciseness Steiner reviews the total literature on taboo from Captain Cook through Robertson Smith, Snaith, Frazer, Marrett, van Gennep, and Radcliffe-Brown, to Wundt, Freud, and Margaret Mead, analysing the definitions and concepts the different authors employed, showing to what extent they were partial, inadequate, or mutually incompatible. The work is almost entirely critical; Dr. Steiner's own definitions are confined to a few scattered phrases: taboo is delegated interdiction, classification of transgression, the 'institutional localisation of danger, both by the specification of the dangerous and by the protection of society from endangered, and hence dangerous, persons'. Dr. Steiner apparently brought a unique qualification to the study of taboo; he was a pious practising Jew for whom the Mosaic prohibitions were a living part of a living religion; consequently he avoids the condescension which is such a feature of the writings of his predecessors. It is not often that one can call a book indispensable; but no one can henceforward properly write, teach, or speculate about taboo without taking Steiner's study into account.

How People Vote. By Mark Benney,

A. P. Gray and R. H. Pear.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

If Politics treated itself as pontifically as Economics this volume would have been offered to the world as a sample of 'micro-psychology'. The opportunity has been missed; instead the authors modestly sub-title their book 'a study of electoral behaviour in Greenwich' and, in the introduction, point out that their findings are good for that place and time (1950) only and should be read in the context of the whole general election campaign of that year. Their object, when the survey was undertaken, however, was to establish, if possible, from close study of a typical constituency something of the voting behaviour of the British electorate. For this they used techniques already applied with some success by American investigators. Unfortunately for them the borough of Greenwich turned out to be in certain respects a good deal less than typical, notably in the internal feuding which harassed one of the party organisations in the constituency. Moreover sampling difficulties prevented the investigation turning up much useful information on one important feature of the 1950 election, the Liberal 'intervention'.

All the same the publication of their findings, even after this considerable interval, was undoubtedly worth while. Their book gives us, in the first place, a very well-drawn picture, of a straightforward, descriptive kind, of the election campaign itself; under Mr. Benney's sprightly pen the politics of Greenwich come agreeably alive. Furthermore the analytical chapters, while much more spotty and uneven, do contribute something to that jigsaw picture of the British elector's behaviour which the opinion poll now makes possible. If it is not news to hear that trade unionists vote Labour, it is informative to be told that those who in their voting cross class lines are also, in large measure, those who in their thinking put themselves in a better or worse class rating than their neighbours would put them. Not always does the Hollerith machine come up with findings as clear and pointed as this; indeed one sometimes feels that the team have allowed the machine to dictate their inquiry rather than the other way round. Nevertheless there is a good deal that is useful here and on which later surveys will be able to build.

One question may haunt readers who are unable to rid themselves of an old-fashioned,

Rankeian interest in What Really Happened. Nowhere in these pages does the actual result of the election appear. For fact-addicts, the figures were: Labour 29,379; Conservative 18,255; Liberal 3,148. And surely we ought somewhere to have been told that the Conservative candidate was a roller-skating champion?

What I Think. By Adlai E. Stevenson.

Hart-Davis. 18s.

Through These Men: Some Aspects of Our Passing History. By John

Mason Brown. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

Mr. Brown writes that Mr. Stevenson's three volumes of speeches and lectures, of which *What I Think* is the latest, show 'the mind of a man, unmistakably big . . . in 1952, who has grown bigger because of his ability to keep pace with the experiences the years have brought him'. Among the experiences Mr. Stevenson has kept pace with here are those of 'McCarthyism', a world trip in 1953, and a women's college 'commencement' at which his prospective daughter-in-law received her degree. His commencement address, 'Women, Husbands, and History', is one of the best things in the book.

Judged as a book, *What I Think* has obvious, perhaps inescapable, shortcomings. It is repetitious, despite editing that makes some of the passages disjointed; and Mr. Stevenson was not altogether at ease on some occasions, particularly when he spoke to farmers about the 'parity' programme in 1955. But would the speeches of any other political leader during the last three years read as well as these? Clarity of thought is expressed in a straightforward manner that removes the least hint of undue contrivance from most of the wit. Mr. Stevenson has an exemplary political style, too. One of his recurring themes is 'that how one wins in politics is as important as what one wins'. Although this is the obvious comment for him to make about the actions of some of his Republican—and Democratic—opponents, he has in the main kept to the high standards of political conduct he has set for himself as well as others.

Mr. Brown is an old hand at bringing out collections of his writings as a literary and dramatic critic, but in his latest book he is concerned with men in American politics. *Through These Men* is partly a collection of pieces printed in American magazines since 1952, when he covered the presidential conventions on his first assignment as a political reporter. His direct accounts of events not yet forgotten by those who read about them at the time, and perhaps described too unsystematically and allusively for others, are entertaining; but Mr. Brown is at his best when he fulfils his promise to review 'some aspects of our passing history' through sketches of Eisenhower, Stevenson, Truman, Lodge, Frankfurter, Lippmann, Oppenheimer and, to a lesser extent, other men. He writes about men with insight and politics with shrewdness.

His special competence reveals itself most in his interest in the use of language, not only by Mr. Stevenson, but also by President Eisenhower and some of the rest. He is a kindly critic in this and most other respects; but he can be very firm: he makes clear what he thinks of the injustice done Dr. Oppenheimer. The arrangement of most of the material and, even more, such section headings as 'Ike and Adlai, a Study in Contrasts', 'Dulles, Sisyphus of State', and 'Some Tantalizing Ifs' remind one of some of Mr. John Gunther's books, though Mr. Brown fails to call his passage on the President's health 'Inside Eisenhower'.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

O.B. Ops.

DEMOLITION has a universal appeal whether the demolishers be a gang of workmen on a condemned building or a gang of critics on a condemned work of art. Structures fall, we endure, so we warmly feel. But what of the glittering structure that is demolished without trace and built anew elsewhere overnight? This gives the screws yet another twist, and so it was a wonderful notion of someone's to take the television cameras behind the scenes at a Bertram Mills Circus 'pull-down', and to show

A camera was placed here, but it was not able to catch a great deal, only the circus trucks being linked up. This must have been a programme of nightmarish complexity to plan and it was at the least a technical success.

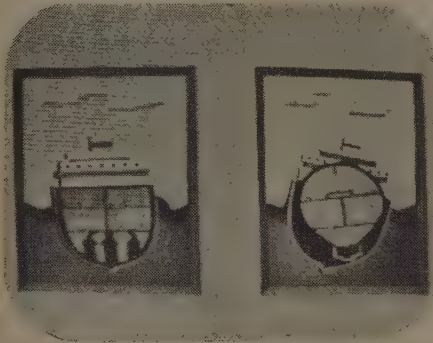
The vanishing circus was an interlude. The second 'Away From It All' a Monday ago became something in the nature of a challenge: it pointed to the paradox of how lively life can be in a really flourishing backwater. A sailing barge 'that picks up anything from maize to manure' about the coast of East Anglia was one's moving point of vantage, and gave a pleasing sense of freedom and continuity to the discussion: people were pounced upon as soon as they hove into view. Better still, Bob Roberts,

the treats of the week have all been O.B. Another was the 'Saturday-Night Out' excursion to watch a commando unit of 'weekend soldiers' establish a bridgehead somewhere on the south Devon coast, scale a 300-foot cliff in, as it happened, a force six gale, quell the enemy, while an R.A.F. helicopter landed to carry away the vital piece of equipment. Splendid pace and vividness were sustained for the whole combined op. of men, boats and cameras. As many children must have been watching, it would have been a happy thought to have put Mr. Bernard Newman's avuncular talk on spying near to this, rather than long, long past bedtime on Friday night.

Problems of agriculture in Britain and of rail transport in areas of Northern Ireland have both had a pretty thorough airing in 'Press Conference' and a film called 'End of the Line'; and in another film, 'Man of Steel', the centenary of Bessemer's great steel invention was celebrated with those chilling shots of tons of boiling liquid metal cascading down, to a background of sinister music that is familiar to connoisseurs of this kind of film.

Other mysteries, such as the sense of smell and why 'TIM' keeps such good time and where her voice comes from, were explored pictorially in 'A Question of Science', and Miss Enid Love had much better luck with 'The Brains Trust' this week by not choosing all her eggheads out of one basket.

ANTHONY CURTIS



As seen by the viewer: 'Man of Steel' on August 14—Sir Henry Bessemer, and (right) diagram of an early invention for suspending the ship's saloon in such a way that it is unaffected by the roll of the ship

the whole thing being struck, bundled away, and put on the train bound from Perth to Kirkcaldy.

If it didn't work out quite so excitingly in fact this perhaps was not the fault of anyone concerned, but merely the difficulty in three separate visits, with a limited number of cameras, of getting a clear overall view. Mr. Bernard Mills was the most accommodating and explanatory of hosts, and Berkeley Smith is a seasoned circus commentator. Less of the scope, the intricacy of the operation would have been lost, though, if instead of so much chatting to clowns and artists (strangely tense and wary when away from the ring before cameras) and fooling with chimpanzees, there had been a clearer impression of the apparatus, the loading, the packing. At long last, close on eleven p.m., the grand climax of the three visits, the collapsing of Big Top! After the tent-master had given the signal for the king-poles to be pulled away, the gently deflating canvas crumpling into huge folds came superbly into view as if this was the final curtsey of the arena itself.

As the bone-structure of the great tent was unset, one by one the lesser poles were stacked with a flick of the man's shoulders; and from the earlier visit I treasure the stray shot of a clown carefully fitting his gigantic head-mask into a lorry while the show was still on. Such sights stick after all the exposition has been forgotten; but the trouper in oneself (engendered by the Italian and Swedish cinema) stayed unawakened—perhaps that was the idea—save for a few seconds in which the trundling line of elephants disappeared slowly out of view into the night on their mile-long march to the railway station.

the barge's skipper, was a man of stern opinion and of fluent power of expression, a television natural, in fact, who had a benevolently relaxing effect on his interviewer, Mr. Chataway. 'Good Lord, I wouldn't live like that', he animadverted at the prospect of town life, as Southend loomed on the horizon. Then there were some piquant pictures: the women bunching white weed for export to America, an eel catcher bringing up his slippery haul, Mr. Musset, of Huguenot descent, who is a breeder of oysters pausing in his work to explain why they are not cheap, a wild fowler caught on the wing who inveighed against electric light, and, above all, the sense of an organic life, attuned to the elements, and wildly individualistic: without too much trying it all came through.

As no doubt is right and proper for August,



DRAMA

Elementary

THE EGALITARIAN DELUSION fosters the belief that we all speak the same language. Not so. Take my electric kettle; now. Having gone wrong, like any old-time heroine, it was subjected to the expert's gaze. 'You shouldn't boil water with the element showing out', I was told. The element, to this thoughtful, deft man, was the ring thing in the bottom of the vessel; whereas I had always thought it was the water which was an element. 'The element is out of its element' I mumbled foolishly but was not understood—as why should I have been?

So it is with the trip to Glynedebourne which is, as many a lady-like voice has proclaimed: 'Delightful, delightful'. The proviso is that you love Mozart's operas. *Punch* says that the only other reasons for going to Glynedebourne



'The End of the Line', a programme from Northern Ireland on August 15, on the problems of railways—left, engines for sale as scrap metal; right, a modern diesel engine

Photographs: John Curt

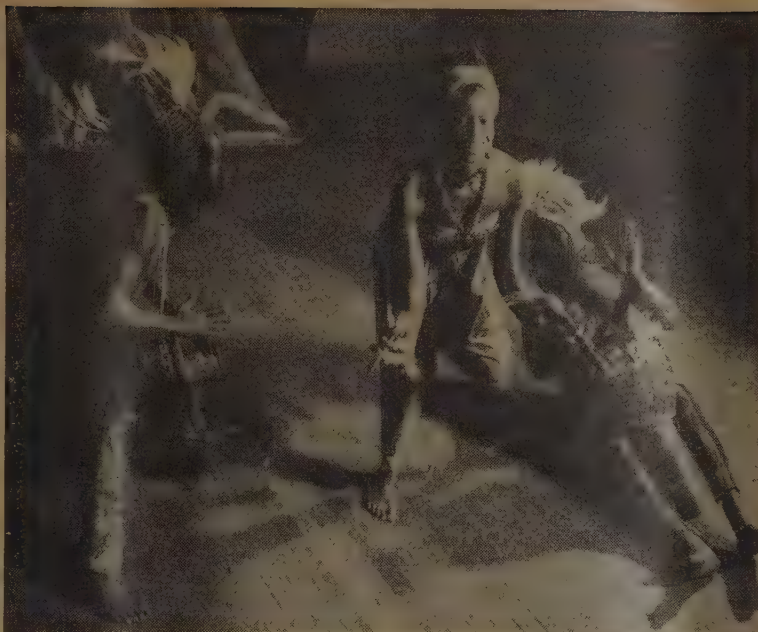
are to please your wife or to experience the sensation of putting on a boiled shirt just after lunch on a hot afternoon. As usual, television gave us the pleasure without any exertion on our part. If people didn't like it—well, they could switch over to you know where. It was, I think, Doris Langley Moore, in her fascinating book on the art of being happy, who pointed out that if you want to feel warm it is more intelligent to sit in the sun than in the shade (and equally with happiness). Supposing that the quintet in 'Cosi' or the finale of 'Figaro' Act II affect you as one might suppose an angel's kiss would affect you, then the programme, so skilfully linked by Dennis Arundell and so stunningly transmitted by Philip Bate and the technicians, was of course the programme of the week.

But I do not think I ought to dwell on it at length. I believe it represented that

terrible thing, a minority taste, and it did not in the nature of the case settle any of the great aesthetic problems about televised opera. Oh yes, such problems exist. At Salzburg they have been holding one of those international conferences on the subject. But at present all progress is barred in this country because the unions won't permit the kind of pre-recording or 'play back' technique which is so effectively used in Italy and other lands. So we continue to cope with opera alive and kicking, exactly as if it were one of those swimming imborees in municipal baths, of which from time to time the B.B.C. will show us not a limp but hour upon hour. Naturally, Glyndebourne's productions are not designed for television, and what came over came over *faute de mieux*.

Now, to higher things: say, 'Hancock's Half Hour', to which I applied the kindly epithet 'delicious fooling' last week, and which promptly let me down. True, there was a funny scene at the start with Reginald Ketchum presiding over one of those scenes of will-reading to a recalcitrant bride which are as old as Boccaccio (ex-Swindon). A clause in the will sent Mr. Hancock, in his so-funny golfing togs, posthaste in search of a wife—ones of proposals to the wrong ladies, marriage bureaux, etc. It was tedious and rather horrible, like W. S. Gilbert's jokes about skinny spinsters.

Between this column and the one before it, there is a space, a no-man's-land in which flap some impudent birds at whom neither I nor my colleague (out of mistaken respect for each other) ever take a line. I propose to take one now. Will the B.B.C. be so kind as to cease inflicting on us in the name of entertainment programmes which are simply and solely plugs and puffs for the cinema? The formula varies: it may be some blandly misinforming us about the story of the film the extract from which we witness (as did Mr.



'Mindiani', the traditional dance of a young bride, from the programme by the African Ballet of Keita Fodéba on August 19

Hunter previewing Edinburgh's films, for the scene we witnessed depicts not the marine and 'his girl' but the marine and a street walker—and very shoddy stuff it looks, too). It may also take the form of an interview punctuated by shots, almost invariably of John Mills as a sailor going down, or coming up again, for the third time; and a lot of men in a battleship in the Home Counties shouting orders through megaphones. But frankly or not so frankly, it is just so much advertising.

I enjoyed 'The Show Parade' on Saturday night. Alan Melville was the best of comperes for this kind of thing. Dora Bryan in her psychiatrist sketch was her brilliant self; Max Adrian was his devastating madonna of the espresso bar; Cicely Courtneidge and Pat Kirkwood generated enough electricity to light a Christmas tree, and the dancing and prancing were less pointless and idle than usual. And, as it

is the end of her series, it seems a good moment to say that Kay Cavendish's little bouts with the piano have not been unappreciated. What a weird little programme this is, with its mechanical smiles, jokes about married life, and little washes of Schubert or Chopin. But for someone trying to be pleasant on television, Miss Cavendish succeeds rather well.

The African ballet came over magnificently—surely a case of 'great shakes' if ever there was one! Good too, so far as it went, was Val Gielgud's iron-curtain play, with admirably taut playing by the Unra folk. But, like many pieces of its kind, this one became stuck in a siding, together with the refugees. But it seemed better than it had on the stage.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Love From All

I SPENT TWO EVENINGS in Vienna last week, one in examining (on radio) the loves of Anatol, and a second (at the theatre) in wondering, for a hundredth time, why that fantastic Haroun al-Raschid of a Duke should have chosen to roam his city under a cowl. True, it gets the play started, just as his preposterous proposal to Isabella gets it finished, and we ought, I presume, to leave it at that. I kept thinking how lucky it was for Anatol that he had not been born into Shakespeare's play, and thus had not to face either the 'preznie' Angelo in less tolerant mood, or the Duke telling him to be absolute for death. Times had changed since 'Measure for Measure'. When Anatol flickered through the city, it was the Vienna of what one of the draggle-tail revues that used to labour through our provinces would have called Love and Laughter.

There is nothing draggle-tail about Schnitzler's lightly touched play. On the whole, Fay and Michael Kanin, American dramatists, have kept the original's gentle wit; and the Birmingham Repertory Company (Home) showed to us again that to employ the word 'rep' as a pejorative, as the thoughtless do, is simply unjust. These young players know how to use their voices flexibly; they can match style with style. 'Anatol', in its episodic manner, is fitted to radio: it is the case-book of a philanderer's progress. On the eve of Anatol's wedding his friend Max burns for him a hoard of letters and notes and flowers, trivia from the days of Hélène and Hilda and Mimi and Gabrielle. 'It seems a shame to destroy a man's work', says Max, 'but I suppose Anatol is right'. Yes: he is right. We are permitted to watch the procession as it wavers off into the dark, flash-back slipping into flash-back and each calling up a mood, farcical, ironic, wry, or—those violets in the snow—wistful.

I have not yet mentioned the most alarming, most substantial of



Scene from 'Siding 273' on August 19, with (left to right) Sarah Lawson as Virginia Lawrence, Sebastian Shaw as Major Gerald Craven, D.S.O., and Valerie White as Betty Sanders

these memories. She is Bianca, too near to be a memory: in fact she sits, unaware, in Anatol's room while he chafes to go off to his wedding. When she does realise that she is to be the girl he left behind him, fury breaks. In a theatre, darling Bianca can have it out on the cups and saucers. There is nothing like a bit of crockery smashing—that cup in flinders, the other to a far wall—to cheer the spirit and to free a mind from its frets. On radio all had, of course, to be expressed in the voice of Doreen Aris. Happily, it is just the voice, a dangerously crackling purr, or a nest of thorns-in-velvet, that Bianca would have. In a rage—well, those who have met Miss Aris recently as Shaw's kitten-Cleopatra know what sounds she can utter, and those who have not might think alternately of a typhoon and of the poet's line, 'Mezzo-forte mysteries of noise'. She was in her most varied vocal form at the end of 'Anatol'. Set against her were the sweetly reasonable tones of Alan Rowe (Max), and the satin-cape voice of Robert Chetwyn as Anatol himself, that ever-disillusioned, ever-merciful heart of a romantic Vienna that glimmered out of sight to the rhythm of the waltz.

Bianca is left quite cheerful at the last. After all, she agrees, the man is merely getting married. Will he not remain Anatol, the old Anatol? We are perfectly sure that he will. Excellent radio, then, in Peter Dews' version and production, and more honour to Sir Barry Jackson's players who have been uncommonly active of late, all round.

In the tragi-comedy of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' (Third), Palamon and Arcite are single-minded: no philandering here. This is the play that Fletcher and Shakespeare (so we must assume), the 'memorable Worthies of their time', based upon the Knight's Tale of Chaucer. (It might not please a newspaper correspondent who proclaimed, astonishingly, the other day, that the theatre must disregard 'such archaisms as Mammon, Shakespeare, Success, and the like'.) Tony Britton and Douglas Wilmer were eloquently the 'two emulous Philomels' that 'beat the ear o' th' night with their contentious throats'. With the rest of the company—we marked John Phillips' dignity as Theseus—they made it clear to us that Shakespeare's voice speaks in this union of autumn and spring. After a magnificent start the play does sag, and there is a difficult underplot, but it seems hard that the 'kinsmen', with its remarkable parallels, should be condemned to the Apocrypha. It is—for let us be topical—at the head of the Second Division table; one day it may be promoted. Michael Bakewell, who produced the revival, had balanced his voices impressively: the verse had an expected quiver and gleam.

Though I am sorry to have missed the first exploit of the Waters pair, those two noble kinswomen, Elsie and Doris, I hope to be moving later to 'Floggitt's' (Light) and to Russett Green. Life, I daresay. Laughter, possibly. And maybe Love?

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Their Infinite Variety

LAST WEEK the B.B.C. exhibited for our entertainment a whole gallery of verbal portraits real and fictional, so many that I can mention only a few of them. The radio, as all listeners know, presents human character in a variety of ways. It may allow a living person to present himself; enable others to describe him, whether alive or dead; or by means of the written and spoken word, that is by broadcasting a story, it may endow fictional characters with an actuality indistinguishable from that of living people.

The most ambitious of these presentations was a programme, lasting three-quarters of an hour, called 'The Man They Remember' in which a number of old friends and acquaintances revived memories of Keir Hardie. It moved slowly, the speakers being old and some of them hesitant, and the fact that most of them were Scottish must have handicapped those southern listeners who are not well grounded in English from over the border. Even my northern ears were thwarted here and there and one speaker eluded me completely. But the result of the broadcast was a lifelike portrait of a simple, single-minded, and extraordinarily good man. As one of them recalled, he was an uncompromising pacifist, he didn't believe even in the class war, and he got more of his socialism from the Bible and Burns than from Karl Marx. I met him once. With his piercing innocent eyes and mass of snow-white hair and beard he looked more like a saintly Father Christmas than 'the stormy petrel of politics', his nickname of earlier days.

I sat up beyond my usual bedtime in the hope of hearing an equally vivid portrait of that enchanting person, Violet Lorraine, but I went to bed disgruntled. The twenty minutes was for the most part occupied with recordings of her and George Robey singing 'If you were the only girl . . .', which we were given not only once but twice. This was a haunting reminder, it's true, of the first world war, but little or nothing except her voice emerged of the rich art and personality of Violet Lorraine herself, whereas a much more memorable character came out of a Light Programme story called 'The Gentle Touch of Nature' in which a Welsh barber recalled a professional experience. But I am hard put to it to assert whether or not it was a good story, because it was written and spoken in English Welsh and, like many others, I succumb instantly to stories told in this or Irish. It is not entirely my fault. The Welsh and Irish and to a lesser degree the Scots have a naturally poetic way of expressing themselves which is in captivating contrast to our much less colourful English, and this story was superbly read by Brinley Jenkins. Another story—and this time I can categorically affirm that it was a good one—had the advantage of a Scottish gamekeeper, but the other character was a young Englishman. Duncan McIntyre filled both parts—the slow, dire Scotsman and the eager boy—so expertly that it was hard to believe that the story was not being broadcast by two readers.

John Fernald presented himself in describing his chief childish terror which, as a sisterless child, was 'Meeting Girls'. What was so attractive and amusing was the masterly precision with which he described the behaviour and feelings of a young child. 'Some Horrors of Childhood', of which this was the sixth, has struck a rich vein. In the fifth, Margery Fry, in 'Fear of the Dark', gave us not only a charming impression of mid-Victorian upper-middle-class family life but, as all good broadcasters inevitably do, of herself.

Another very agreeable character, 'Jackie Bilton', the first of 'Six People', was presented by Rene Cutforth in a short biographical sketch richly coloured in by Mr. Bilton himself, to whom Mr. Cutforth applied from time to time to supplement the narrative. Mr. Bilton, though not a Romany, was born in a caravan and later led a roving life selling winkles, rock, rugs and pegs, if I understood him rightly. It was not until he married in 1918 that he became a regular gorgio with a home of his own. At first he found it difficult to sleep in a bed and was obliged to retire to the stable.

Gerald Sparrow gave a fascinating talk about a pygmy people living in the forests of north-west Siam known as 'The Pee Tong Luang' or spirits of the yellow leaf, because at sight of a stranger they vanish into the forest like withered

leaves before the wind. Mr. Sparrow saw them only once, and he drew a very attractive picture of these shy little people who, it seems, have so far eluded scientific investigation.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Voices from the Past

THE HIGHEST POINT of pleasure in last week's listening was, for me at any rate, that moment in Donna Anna's 'Non mi dir' when those words return for the reprise of the first part. The singer was Lilli Lehmann, who was nearly sixty when the recording was made, if I understood Cedric Wallis aright, some fifty years ago. For once one did not have to listen largely with the ear of faith to one of these ancient discs, as one did, for instance, when an extract from 'Die Walküre' was played in the same programme. There was no mistaking that the singer was in complete command of her voice, that every note was true and every phrase perfectly shaped. And when she came to the reprise, it was positively breathtaking for the listener to hear how much beautifully modulated tone the singer could sustain on a single breath without the least sign of strain—from the last phrase of the first part with its pause on the last note down to the end of the first phrase of the reprise, and at a pace which might have been called slow if every note of it had not been filled out with glorious tone and expression.

This kind of experience is a fortification to the critic in his seemingly curmudgeonly task of pointing out that singers nowadays do not (I will not say, cannot) sing like that. And though Lilli Lehmann was an exceptionally gifted and intelligent singer, she was not unique in her technical ability, among her contemporaries. What marked her out was her range. She sang everything from Violetta and Mignon to Fidelio and Isolde. Such versatility is rare at any time, and let it be said that Maria Callas has accomplished something similar, though with a less perfect technique, within the narrower limits of the Italian repertory.

Moreover, it so happened that earlier in the day of Wallis' talk I had been listening to another sexagenarian singing the part of Brünnhilde in 'Götterdämmerung'—a feat which, I imagine, even Lehmann would not have essayed at that age. This is not the place to expatiate on Mme Flagstad's performance. I will only say that it remains radiantly beautiful and proves, with the aid of the far superior recording methods of today, that what has been done in the past by exceptional artists can still be done today.

With Lilli Lehmann's coloratura fresh in one's ear, it was a little difficult to accept some of the singing in the Salzburg performance of 'Cosi fan tutte'. Still, notwithstanding some drastic and unpardonable cuts, this was the best of the performances we had heard this year from Mozart's birthplace. For one thing, the company seemed less inclined to turn this piece of exquisite sensibility into a farcical operetta than they did on their visit to the Festival Hall. Paul Schoeffler's suavely humorous Don Alfonso set exactly the right note from the start, and the two officers (Anton Dermota and Erich Kunz) appeared, so far as one could tell, to keep their funny business within bounds and sang well though the baritone sounded a bit tired. The ladies (Irmgard Seefried and Christa Ludwig) were admirably matched for duetting; so their combined efforts added up to more than their individual achievements. And Lisa Otto made up for her rather disappointing Blonde the week before by giving a wholly delightful performance as Despina.

On Saturday 'Martha' was put on again in substitution for a promised recording of

Falstaff' as done at the Holland Festival. Though this recording of Flotow's sentimental comedy is excellent and was once more admirably presented by one of my colleagues in these pages, its period charm wears a bit thin. However, the revival serves to draw attention to the fact that the opera is to be put on at Sadler's Wells Theatre next month.

The week saw the completion of a series of programmes devised by Professor Anthony Lewis to exemplify semi-dramatic music in four different countries during the seventeenth century. Of these I found the French programme the most interesting, because the church music of M. A. Charpentier and his contemporaries so exactly reflects that austere religious fervour

which is the counterpoise (usually forgotten) to the luxury and extravagance of Louis XIV's reign. If architecture is 'frozen music', this is the music that, frozen, would turn into the churches and conventual cloisters, so much more ascetic and restrained than their Italian counterparts, that may still be seen by the interested traveller in many towns in France.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Fantastic Opera

By ERIC BLOM

Prokofiev's 'The Love for Three Oranges' will be broadcast at 7.55 p.m. on Saturday, September 1 (Third)

ONE of the most curious freaks of Italian literature, the dramatic fabulist Carlo Gozzi, would doubtless be far less widely known, were it not for the opera Puccini derived from his best-known work, 'Turandot'. It is true that his fantastic plays had often tempted composers before, but the results were obscure works by famous men, such as Wagner's early opera 'Die Feen' or Weber's and Busoni's incidental music for Schiller's translation of 'Turandot' (the latter afterwards turned into an opera); or else the composers whose interest Gozzi engaged were or became themselves obscure. But this eighteenth-century Venetian dramatist is represented by two twentieth-century operas by outstanding composers which, if not likely ever to become repertory works, will at any rate continue to be studied with interest and occasionally revived with some success. They are Casella's 'La donna serpente' and the work with which we are here concerned, Prokofiev's 'The Love for Three Oranges'.

To refer to Gozzi as an eighteenth-century playwright is merely to state a fact. (He was born in 1720 and died in 1806.) The term does not describe his art in the least. He is as little representative of his time as he is of his country's drama, except, in the latter respect, that he incorporates in his fantastic, romantic fairy-tale plays, which are perhaps more like the stories of T. A. Hoffmann than anything else in literature, one striking feature of the Italian stage—the traditional figures of the *commedia dell'arte*. These turn up in the plays, very oddly, as lightly varied characters, but always with the same conventional names: Brighella, Tartaglia, and so on, and to be sure we meet Truffaldino, Pantalone, and Smeraldina in Prokofiev's opera, the libretto of which was closely modelled on Gozzi by the composer himself, while three of them duly turn up in Puccini's 'Turandot', thinly disguised as the comic and ironically nostalgic courtiers, Ping, Pang, and Pong.

These characters speak Venetian dialect and, being stock figures of the vulgar improvised theatre, represent the classical aspect of Gozzi's art in a low form. His kings and princes and heroes are more freely invented and distinctly romantic, both in their aspect and in their actions. This side of Gozzi is not at all characteristically Italian and comes nearer to German romantic literature, except that—and here the semblance to Hoffmann comes in again—his fairy-tales are without fairies, rather like the rationalised Cinderella libretto of Rossini's *Cenerentola*.

But if there are no fairies at the bottom of Gozzi's garden, much less anywhere else in his domain, there is any amount of magic and fantasy to tempt a composer to lavish musical elaboration. Spectacular scenes, extravagant action, picturesque situations and miraculous happenings of all kinds positively cry out for music. A composer whose strong suits are the

fanciful, the grotesque, and the luxurious—just such a composer as Prokofiev, in fact—can hardly fail to be attracted to Gozzi. What, at the same time, accounts for the fact that he has never tempted one of the greatest masters to actual achievement (Brahms did go so far as to consider 'Il re cervo', except Wagner in his callowest days, is probably the absence of any true feeling from his plays. There is nothing over which a composer could become lyrical, nothing that calls for tender or compassionate music. The characters are not living human beings: they remain puppets in a show of elaborate pretence that can be staged with any amount of superficial beauty, but cannot be made in the least touching.

With all this, Gozzi's 'fables' (as he calls his plays collectively) contain a strong satirical element—and nothing is more difficult to match with music. Prokofiev, however, makes the most of this with a chorus of spectators, called Ridiculous, Tragic, Comic, Lyrical, and Empty-Headed—who occupy boxes in the proscenium, occasionally invade the stage at critical moments, and throughout accompany the action with fatuous but nevertheless acutely critical comments, like a Greek chorus gone awry and parodying itself.

This brings us to the music, for of course Prokofiev has a twofold purpose in using this choral element. If it enlivens or illuminates the action here and there, so much the better; but it also allows him to play with musical effects devised, as it were, on various planes simultaneously. The chorus often sings, and sometimes even acts, while the characters on the stage are engaged in a scene, so that the music produces a kind of counterpoint, not polyphonically by interweaving melodic strands, but a counterpoint of different levels, so to speak. Similar things may also happen instrumentally, by the way: the famous march, which is not only heard once in its complete form, but twice appears as stage music behind the scene, becomes blended with other material in the orchestra, so that here again we have something like a combination of action and commentary.

In character the music is, as I have already hinted, unemotional, and it rarely blossoms into a tune. But it happens to be perfectly apt. It would have been ridiculously inappropriate, and thus in a way insensitive and inartistic, to gush sentimentally over the crazy characters and the extravagant actions in which Gozzi indulges. The whole thing can only be accepted as an elaborate and gorgeous fantasy, and the less we feel about it the better we shall appreciate it.

If Prokofiev's music is cold-blooded, it is also fascinating and, somehow or other, so exactly right for its purpose that it is impossible to imagine the subject being handled by any other composer, though if we did not know his setting we could no doubt think offhand of half a dozen whom it would have suited admirably. Indeed there are or have been some who might have

lent it a touch of magic such as Prokofiev's music lacks. What it does not lack is an ever-alert fancy. He can always think of something that immediately strikes one like an epigram. This often happens literally bar by bar, and where it does not, he spreads an idea by repetition, sometimes note for note, sometimes modulated or slightly modified, with a result that it is like decorative surfaces of wallpaper where repeated figures are part of an artistic scheme. The 'panels' are sometimes repeated at a later point, to produce a kind of symmetry by a trick that does duty for thematic development, of which there is none to speak of.

Of course most composers have their tricks, and we may notice another in 'The Love for Three Oranges' that may end by irking us if we are in a 'noticing' mood. Prokofiev can hardly bear to remain in the same key for more than two bars together. No wonder he found that for the purpose of this work he had to give up the use of key signatures, of which there is not one from first to last. Had he used them, he would have needed as many accidentals to contradict them as he actually required to indicate the notes he wanted. The music is by no means keyless: there is always a feeling of tonality, which however always gives way to another immediately. Thus we get not atonality (no key), nor bitonality (two keys combined), nor polytonality (several keys combined), but a kind of multitonality which seems to defeat itself in the end because it offers no points of repose to the ear. But the end is a long way off in the case of a work so seldom heard. In the meantime this opera can be enjoyed for its fantastic quality and its admirable aptitude to the composer's chosen subject.

Two volumes that have recently been added to the 'History of the Second World War' published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office and Longmans are *Studies of Overseas Supply*, by H. Duncan Hall and C. C. Wrigley (37s. 6d.) and *Food: Volume II: Studies in Administration and Control*, by R. J. Hammond (50s.). Among other recent publications are: *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson Vols. 11 and 12*, edited by Julian P. Boyd (Oxford, for Princeton, 80s. per vol.); *A Life of Sir William Ramsay*, by Morris W. Travers (Arnold, 50s.); *From Alexander to Constantine: Passages and Documents Illustrating the History of Social and Political Ideas 336 B.C.-A.D. 337*, translated with introductions, notes and essays by Ernest Barker (Oxford, 50s.); *Pioneers of Popular Education*, by Hugh M. Pollard (Murray, 28s.); *Daniel Hall, Pioneer in Scientific Agriculture*, by H. E. Dale (Murray, 21s.); *Price, Cost and Output*, by P. J. D. Wiles (Blackwell, 30s.); *History of the School of Tropical Medicine in London 1899-1949*, by Sir Philip Manson-Bahr (H. K. Lewis and Co., Ltd., 50s.); *Pan-Africanism or Communism?* by George Padmore (Dobson, 25s.); *A History of Poland*, by O. Halecki (Dent, 21s.); and *Freedom's Fetters: the Alien and Sedition Laws and American Civil Liberties*, by James Morton Smith (Oxford, for Cornell, 40s.).

*Not 'of three oranges', as it appears too often in translation. The Italian title, 'L'amore delle tre melerance', is ambiguous, but oranges cannot love anybody, whereas it is quite possible for people to cherish a love for them, especially if they contain beautiful young princesses, as in this case.—E.B.



the things they say!



We called Bob and Mary on the 'phone last night.

Where are they living, these days?

Bob's with an oil company in Edmonton, Alberta . . .

It was rather disappointing, though, really. The atmospherics were bad.

That's often the case when you have to talk by radio-telephone, but it'll be different

if you call them when the new Transatlantic telephone cable is in commission.

What's so novel about that? They've had cables for years.

Ah yes, but the old ones only carried morse. This will be the first Transatlantic *speech* cable — and it'll carry thirty-five

conversations at the same time.

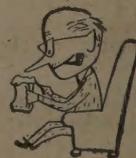
That sounds like a pretty mix-up! How do they manage it?

Well, they use a coaxial cable, and one of the tricks about that is the insulation. It's a plastic called polythene, and apart

from being a first-class insulator, polythene is almost indestructible — it'll stand up to its job for years.

Who discovered it?

Imperial Chemical Industries. Lucky thing they did, too, because polythene is the stuff that helped to make our radar more effective than the enemy's during the war. You've probably seen it in the shops, come to that — it's the same versatile plastic as they use for making squeeze bottles, washing-up bowls and sink tidies.



Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

CLAFOUTIS

YEARS AGO I brought from Limousin and Périgord the recipe for Clafoutis. This is an upside-down pudding or cake, made with cherries, ripping with goodness. You simply strew plenty of sugared cherries at the bottom of a buttered cake-tin, then fill up with a sponge mixture or a very eggy custard made with fresh eggs, milk, and flour, much in the fashion that the French call *crème*. This you bake in a moderate oven until set. Then you turn it out and eat it either hot or cold. If custardy, it is better thoroughly chilled. Of course, you flavour the filler with something different from cherry—y, vanilla or almond. The trick of good cooking is to find delicate contrasts.

VICTOR MACCLURE

LISTENERS' QUESTIONS

A lady living in Wandsworth has just had the excitement of finding treasure—a small crate of tea which was sent to her from India in 1945 and which she had forgotten. Her main worry is: should she use it or might it have 'generated bacteria' over the years?

Tea does not 'go bad' in the sense that meat, for instance, might go off. So long as it is kept carefully—not in a warm or damp atmosphere—it is perfectly drinkable. What might happen if it is kept too long is that it might become rather flat in taste, and lose aroma. Not many of us are likely to find lost cases of tea. But a number of people wonder what is the best way to store tea after buying it. There is nothing better than a tea caddy or some form of tin, not too tightly sealed—just fairly airtight.

Never keep tea in a part of the kitchen that is too warm or damp. And, though it does not need to be used up as quickly as coffee, for instance, once it is opened do not keep tea too long or, as I have said, it might become flat.

Two listeners have written to ask for some details about the small 'cold boxes' which you pour water into to keep milk, butter, meat, and other foods cool and fresh. Are they efficient? If so, how do they work?

Yes, they are efficient. They are a possible alternative if you cannot afford either the money or the space for a refrigerator, or if you have no supply of gas or electricity. They are made of porous material rather like plaster of Paris, and work on the principle that the slow evaporation of water will keep things cool. You merely pour water into them each day and as it dries out through the porous material the food inside is kept cool. The smallest ones, for milk and fats, cost about £4 or £5. More elaborate, larger ones—with one half cold and the other half cool for salads—may cost nearly £20. There are several makes, so these prices are only approximate.

The last question concerns that rather weird-looking vegetable, the aubergine or egg plant—called that because some types actually resemble hens' eggs. But those you may be seeing in the shops now are more like a policeman's truncheon in shape, and purple in colour. I always look to see that they are nice and shiny—not old and wrinkled.

You will find them mentioned in many cookery books, most of which will recommend baked, stuffed aubergine. Or peeled, sliced aubergine can be fried, coated in egg and breadcrumbs or batter. But my favourite recipe—for

serving as a vegetable with meat—fries together in olive oil peeled, sliced aubergines, a large, sliced green pepper, lots of tomatoes, and a little onion and maybe garlic. Sprinkle it with seasoning and parsley—and most appetising it is.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

JOHN MIDGLEY (page 255): Foreign Editor of *The Economist*; until recently Bonn correspondent of *The Times*

EZEKIEL MPHAHLELE (page 258): literary editor of *Drum*, the African magazine published in Johannesburg

ERASMUS DARWIN BARLOW (page 265): Research Fellow, Department of Psychological Medicine, St. Thomas's Hospital

BERTRAM HENSON (page 267): barrister and playwright; author of 'The Scion', 'Little Tzar', etc.

O. R. FRISCH, O.B.E., F.R.S. (page 269): Jacksonian Professor of Natural Philosophy, Cambridge University, since 1947; author of *Meet the Atoms*, etc.

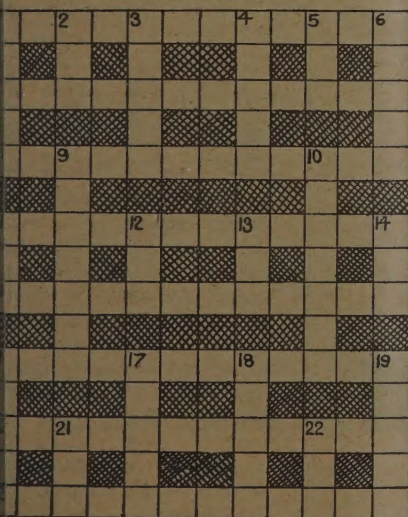
JOHN FERNALD (page 272): Principal, Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, since 1955; producer of 'The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker' and many other plays on stage and television; author of *The Play Produced: a Manual of Stage Production*, etc.

B. S. YAMEY (page 274): Reader in Economics (with special reference to Distribution), London University

Crossword No. 1,369.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 30. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Overlaps.

By Babs

The twelve letters of each across light can be split into two words in two ways, giving four words altogether. Thus BROCKENCLAVE would give BROCK, ENCLAVE; BROCKEN, CLAVE. The longer words at each end of the light always overlap by two letters. The four words are clued, in any order, in one continuous clue, the numbers in parentheses indicating the number of letters in the words in the order in which they are clued. Punctuation may be misleading. The example given above might be clued: 'Spectral mountain divided; the badger bit, being shut in. (7, 5, 5, 7)'. Clues down are normal.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Would-be solitary sliding in confusion, (memory failing?) (5, 7, 7, 5).
7. Negligence may invalidate a claim of fratricide. He was the first to die; she, femme fatale, spun a yarn. It was all very dingy (6, 4, 8, 6).
8. Painter, religious, forms types like 'How many grains make a heap?' (7, 5, 5, 7).
11. The eldest daughter makes her choice; the domestic slave' blasts whole stocks of strawberry runners, for instance' (6, 4, 8, 6).
15. Jellyfish bombard a Phoenician coating of resinous origin (7, 5, 5, 7).
16. Governor of Sparta, almost King Log. Not an integral part, his. Is an attitude of prayer a fault? (6, 8, 6, 4).
20. Cavel. Shakespearean star of the first magnitude, rather 'Red', (recorded)—fine, free entertainment (5, 7, 7, 5).
23. Noisy pine! Just say you are sorry for crawling about and rooting so! (8, 4, 6, 6)

DOWN

1. Provincial girl has a musical number to dance (5).
2. An elephant, when carried away, would not easily forget this bird (3).
3. The governor being in, the ordinary seaman does as he's told (5).
4. This won't take a trick (5).
5. The Lion and/or The Unicorn (3).
6. Moslem

chief of fallen angels (5). 9. Business anxiety (7). 10. Descriptive of a decennial project (5, 4). 11. 'M—'m—what was that river? (3). 12. Pass! (3). 13. How long is a piece of string? One and a half miles? (3). 14. Third from me (3). 16. Honey and water, 80% protein (5). 17. Part II of Welsh rising (5). 18. Prehistoric dwelling, ill earned (5). 19. Insignificant in itself, has point in tent-work (5). 21. The fashionable weight (3). 22. She was a fruit-picker the day before (3)

Solution of No. 1,367



NOTES

Quotation from Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall', lines 31, 32: 'Love took up the glass of time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands; Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands'.

Down: 2. (Pu)shove(r); 3. Pal-sy(cophancy); 4. Sol-on; 5. A-mount; 6. Milk (hidden); 7. Tons(or); 8. Wronger (anag.); 9. H-Ark; 10. In-hale; 11. Ingest (tinges, anag.); 12. Dun (3 mngs.); 13. Delf-(tube); 15. Le-VI-n; 16. Gey(ser); 18. Hand (3 mngs.); 19. Sted (hidden); 21. Ding(e); 24. Tit (3 mngs.); 25. Him(d).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: F. E. Bailey (Slough); 2nd prize: B. Ball (Southport); 3rd prize: W. E. Smith (Inverness)

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